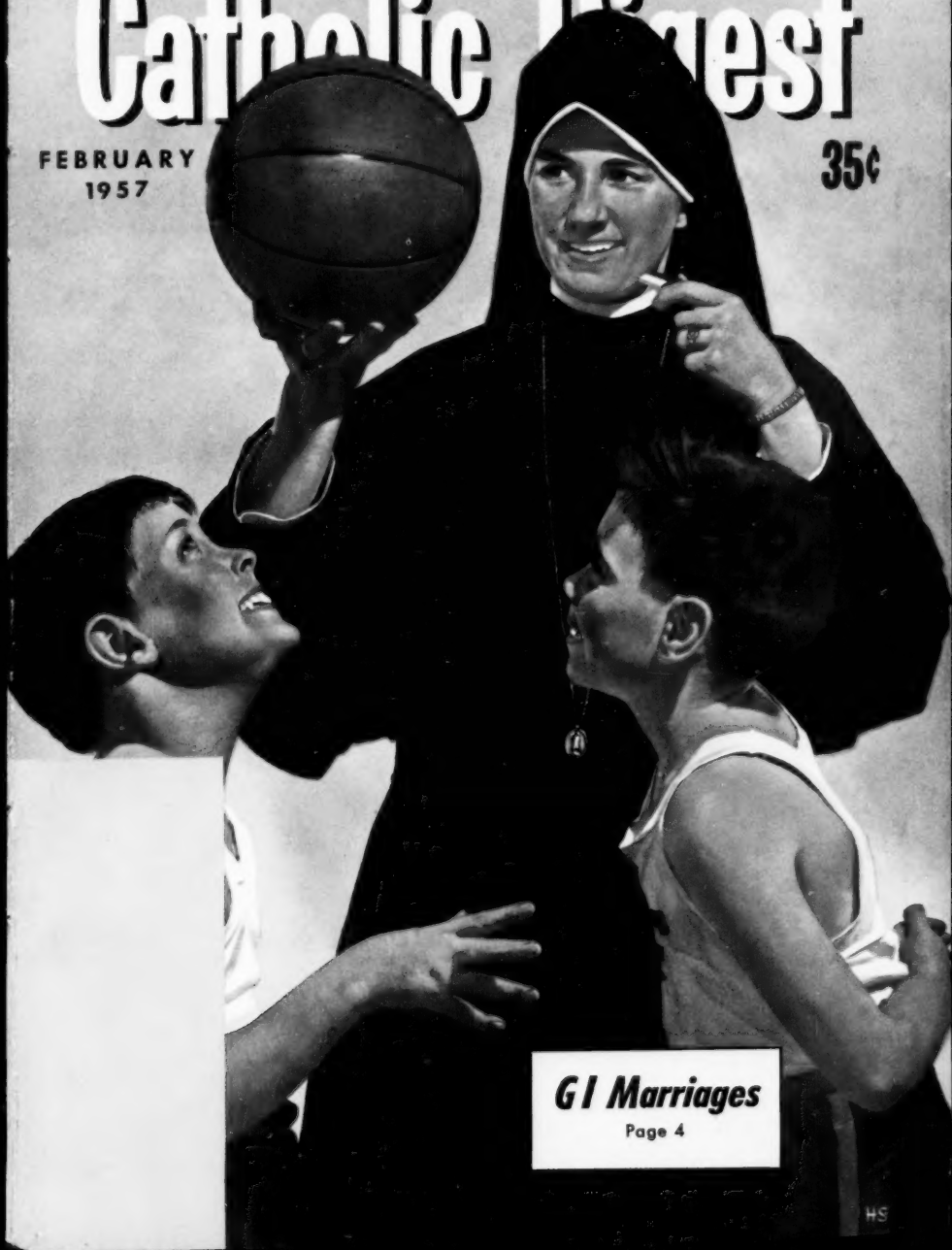


Catholic Digest

FEBRUARY
1957

35¢



GI Marriages

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Cover painting: 'Center Jump' by Howard Scott

Published monthly. Subscription price, one year: \$3; 2 years: \$5; 3 years: \$7; 5 years: \$10. Same rates for 2 or more yearly subscriptions, which may include your own. Entered as second class matter, November 11th, 1936, at the post office at St. Paul, Minn., under Act of March 3rd, 1879. Copyright 1957 by The Catholic Digest, Inc. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Printed in U.S.A.

Send Subscriptions to this address:

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ENGLAND AND IRELAND: Catholic Digest, 16 So. Frederick Street, Dublin.
BELGIUM: Katolieke Digest, Ecclesia, and Familial, Ploegstraat 29, Antwerp.

THE NETHERLANDS: Katholiek Viaier 4 Dam, Amsterdam.

ITALY: Sintesi dal Catholic Digest, 5 Via S. Antonio, N., Milan.

GERMANY: Katholischer Digest, 39 Herzialstrasse, Aachenburg.

FRANCE: Ecclesia Digeste Catholique, 18-20 rue du Saint-Gothard, Paris XIV; Familial Panorama Chretien Digest Catholique, 31 rue de Fleury, Paris VI.

BRaille EDITION: National Braille Press, 88 St. Stephen Street, Boston 15. \$10 a year.

Foreign subscriptions at \$3 a year should be sent to addresses given, not to St. Paul office.

"All that rings true, all that commands reverence, and all that makes for right; all that is pure, all that is lovely, all that is gracious in the telling; virtue and merit, wherever virtue and merit are found—let this be the argument of your thoughts" (St. Paul in his letter to the Philippians, Chapter 4).

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By William V. Kenedy
*Condensed from the "Ave Maria"**

Why GI Marriages Go on the Rocks

Army chief of chaplains warns teen-age servicemen against Heartbreak Road

A TEEN-AGE Fort Myer, Va., soldier tramped up the dingy stairway to his apartment, walked to the doorway at the end of the hall, and turned the key. The door opened on silence. Each dresser drawer had been carefully closed. The closet was cleared except for some sports clothes and uniforms. A crib stood empty.

She hadn't yet turned 18 when the baby was born. She said she could take potatoes and soup for a week before pay day. She could put up with dirt and roaches, but she wasn't going to raise a baby in a place like that. And now, she'd done what she had threatened.

In Hawaii, a soldier handed a letter across the chaplain's desk. There, in his wife's neat handwriting, was the end of his hopes, his dreams, the home that he had lived and planned for.

"That man was barely 20 years old," the chaplain relates. "I've seen men the same age grow old in a few nights on the battlefield. But I think I can take that easier than I



can take watching a boy turn into a sullen, embittered man."

Somewhere between 5,000 and 10,000 teen-age soldiers, sailors, marines, and airmen will go through experiences like these this year: victims of hasty, ill-considered marriages.

At an air base in Maine, a young airman had been called before his squadron commander to explain why his wife had been begging food from neighbors in their trailer camp. After the young man explained that he just didn't have the money to make ends meet, the officer had him itemize his family budget to see what might be done to help.

The previous month's budget included a new \$30 civilian sport coat. The commander asked, "How come?"

"Well, after all," the airman replied, "I've got to have something for myself."

"There's a regular parade of teen-age GIs through this office every time a class graduates," the personnel officer at an army training school said. "Some of them say they can't go overseas because the wife is having a baby. Others say they can't be transferred to another post in the States because they can't afford to move."

"That your car?" he asked, looking out the window at my 1954 model station wagon.

It was, I said.

"Well, let me tell you this. I haven't figured it out to the penny, but the cash any one of those hardship applications costs Uncle Sam would buy you a brand new car, and you wouldn't have to use that one for a trade-in."

"That makes me sound like a real Simon Flintheart. But every one of those self-made hardship cases is using up money that could go for better housing, better medical care, and better schools for the wives and kids of guys who were willing to hold off their marriages until they could support a family properly."

On-base government housing and government-paid travel expense for dependents and household goods have always been denied servicemen of the lower four pay grades. There just has never been enough housing or money to take care of them. Gen. Curtis E. LeMay, com-

manding general of the Air Force's Strategic Air Command, testified recently that the resultant poor living conditions among lower-grade married airmen technicians were a definite factor in their loss to the service. Some haven't even bothered to wait for discharge.

The legal officer of one of the largest army posts in the country points to early marriages as the cause of over 60% of the desertion and absent-without-leave cases handled by his office.

"Some of them aren't sure of their wives' at-home activities, so they go home without leave to find out. Others, facing the arrival of a child, go home without permission, to find a job and earn some money."

The task of saving teen-age marriages from economic or emotional disaster falls most often to the chaplain.

A chaplain at a Kentucky post was approached by an 18-year-old private and his 17-year-old fiancée. Armed with statements of parental consent, they asked the chaplain to marry them. The chaplain attempted to dissuade the two, pointing to the almost impossible economic conditions that would face them. The soldier protested that he knew all about that situation, and had enough money saved to cope with it. The chaplain was left no choice but to perform the marriage.

Two weeks later, the chaplain was awakened by a midnight call from the bridegroom. He had spent

his savings on a Florida honeymoon. Couldn't the chaplain do something to help? The chaplain arranged an emergency loan, and found the couple an apartment near the post.

A few weeks later the chaplain was awakened by another midnight call. "I'm broke again, chaplain," the soldier declared. "This time you've got to do something better. After all, it's all your fault."

"My fault?" the chaplain gasped.

"Sure it's your fault. You married us!"

Msgr. (Maj. Gen.) Patrick J. Ryan, the army's chief of chaplains, traces the teen-age dilemma to "impetuosity; a fear that 'life is passing us by'; a complete lack of economic judgment; and an appalling degree of irresponsibility on the part of both parents and the couples concerned.

"The effect which an accumulation of unstable and unhappy service marriages will produce on our American family life could be disastrous," Monsignor Ryan believes. "Certainly, they will produce a bitter harvest of juvenile delinquency, where children are involved in the broken home, and of mental disturbances."

The problem starts with the teen-ager who, having "gone steady" for perhaps the last two years of high school, enters military service and finds himself in a strange environment, cut off from the comfort of home and the companionship of his sweetheart.

Day after day, the young soldier sees his buddies receive "Dear John" letters from their girls, announcing the end of their friendship. With two to four years of military service stretching ahead into what seems an eternity, the teen-ager becomes convinced that he had better do something soon or see his own romance go the way of the others. He becomes engaged. He gets married on his first furlough.

"Picture the problem this young soldier now faces," Chaplain Ryan points out. "He has used up his savings on wedding and honeymoon expenses or on purchase of a car. Now, he and his bride are headed for a new station, hundreds of miles away from home, and with no assurance of a place to live.

"If he is a draftee, the most he can expect to earn during his two years of service is \$230 a month, counting all allowances, and that only at the very end of his service. During most of his service, his pay and allowances will average \$180 a month."

Out of this the soldier must:

1. rent an apartment;
2. pay gas and electricity bills;
3. provide clothes for his wife;
4. provide three meals a day for himself and his wife; and
5. provide transportation to his place of duty and from one station to another on transfer.

The problems of the teen-age regular are the same as those of the draftee, at least until he is promoted to the grade of sergeant or 2nd-class petty officer,

a process that takes from three to six years.

Dependence on a wife's income to make ends meet can prove risky. The average teen-age girl can hope only for low-paid, unskilled jobs. Even these are often hard to get.

"No matter how you look at it," Monsignor Ryan says, "the cost of rent, utilities, transportation, food, clothing, and medical and dental care, not to mention the cost of having and caring for a baby, far exceeds the income of the family.

"True, some are getting by, but at what a price! First to go is entertainment. Even 50¢ a week for a movie on the post is too much for their limited budget. Next comes food.

"The separations," Chaplain Ryan states, "are the worst problem of all. I talked with a chaplain just back from the Far East. He was still haunted by the memory of a teen-age soldier who received a letter from his wife informing him that she had become interested in another man. The 'other man' added a note to the bottom of the wife's letter confirming the fact.

"The soldier went out a distance from the camp and, attempting suicide, wounded himself horribly with a submachine gun.

"Marriages that would have been successful, given a normal environment and a few years to mature, have been wrecked by the doubts, suspicions, uncertainties, and temptations bred by the long separations

made necessary by overseas service."

Even among the teen-age service marriages that survive poverty and separation, seeds of dissension are sown that threaten to destroy the marriage in later life. Among the most serious is the damage that hasty marriage may have done to the husband's future career and the plans of the wife. The chances of a married teen-age soldier's going to college or into business once his military service is completed are slim. All too often he must take the first job that comes along, to support his family.

Monsignor Ryan and other chaplains recommend that the teen-age soldier, sailor, marine, or airman postpone his marriage until he has returned to civilian life or until he has attained a service income sufficient to meet his responsibilities. Dependence on parents to make up the difference between service pay and expenses, the chaplains believe, provides a crutch that may make it difficult for the young family to adjust to the economic realities of civilian life.

The solution to the problem in general, says Monsignor Ryan, rests first with parents, the civilian pastor, and the high-school teacher in providing sound counseling for the youth facing military service.

"But greatest responsibility of all," Monsignor Ryan points out, "lies with the young soldier himself. The teen-age serviceman is past the stage where he can expect his par-

ents, the government, or the various welfare agencies to rescue him from a dilemma of his own making.

"In considering marriage, the teen-age serviceman must ask himself this question: Am I prepared to accept the responsibilities of mar-

riage without reliance on my parents, the service, or the community?

"Unless he can answer Yes, he is about to plunge his future wife into a bleak and doleful existence, where her confidence in him may be shaken beyond repair."



NEW WORDS FOR YOU

By G. A. CEVASCO

Psychologists say that there is a definite relation between the size of your vocabulary and your success in life. Although it is not easy to build your stock of words, it can be done.

Some people painstakingly memorize the meaning of one word after another. A better way is to learn certain Latin and Greek word roots, a comparatively small number of which have given us thousands of English words.

One such root is *arch*, which comes from the Greek word *arche*, meaning government, rule, chief. Of the many words made from this root, only 12 are listed below. Match Column A with Column B; then see if you can think of others.

Column A

1. anarchy
2. monarchy
3. archfiend
4. archipelago
5. patriarch
6. matriarch
7. archon
8. oligarchy
9. archetype
10. architect
11. hierarchy
12. archives

Column B

- a) A state ruled over by a single person, such as a king.
- b) State of society without government.
- c) Mother who is ruler of her family; woman who governs.
- d) Father who is ruler of his family; man regarded as founder and ruler of a colony or business.
- e) One who designs and oversees construction.
- f) Form of government with power vested in a few.
- g) A ruler or presiding officer; a chief magistrate of ancient Greece.
- h) Chief or original model: pattern.
- i) Place for keeping public documents.
- j) Chief demon, especially Satan; an extremely wicked person.
- k) A body of rulers, especially of ecclesiastics.
- l) Originally the Aegean: "chief sea" of the ancient Greeks, studded with small islands; hence, any sea with many islands.

(Answers on page 125)

By James Thomas Flexner
Condensed from the
*"New York Times Magazine"**

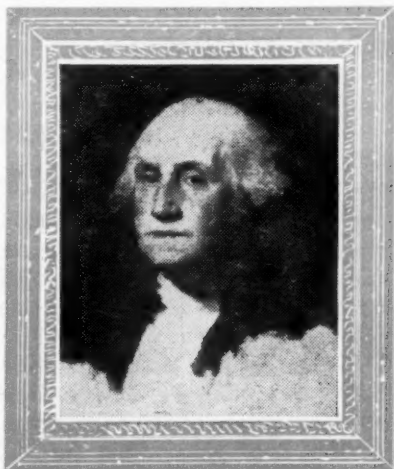
America's Best-Known Painting

*Gilbert Stuart's art was as revolutionary
as George Washington, his subject*

GILBERT STUART's Athenaeum portrait of Washington, which stares at us from U.S. postage stamps and museum walls, is certainly the best-known picture ever painted in this country. It is taken for granted today, but in its own day it was as revolutionary as the war that George Washington fought.

Aristocratic institutions were still dominant almost everywhere in 1796, when the Athenaeum Washington was painted. Painters were less concerned with expressing individuality than rank. Sumptuous backgrounds and costumes were given special importance, and a language of pose and gesture had been worked out to indicate the ideal attributes of the upper class.

Since rulers were the most powerful individuals of all, their portraits were the most encrusted with symbols of power. Napoleon may have started as a corporal, but he saw to it that his court artist, Jacques-Louis David, depicted him in the manner traditional for hereditary emperors. Concerning the result, Stuart commented, "How delicately



the lace is drawn! Did one ever see richer satin? The ermine is wonderful in its finish. And, by Jove, the thing has a head!"

In his most famous portrait of Washington, Stuart showed only the head. Striving for no exterior grandeur, he left costume and background incomplete. If the viewer realizes that this is the portrait of a great man, it must be because of the character shown. By painting the President as he would an ordi-

*229 W. 43d. St., New York City 36. Nov. 27, 1955. © 1955 by the New York Times Co., and reprinted with permission.

nary citizen, Stuart put forward the revolutionary idea that a ruler should be judged independently of rank, and admired only if his personality warranted it.

Washington's personality did warrant it, and Stuart's portrait so well expressed the attitude of his fellow citizens that the picture achieved at once the popularity it has never lost. Stuart himself made some 70 copies, and many of his lesser contemporaries earned large sums by painting imitations.

Stuart was born in Rhode Island in 1755, the son of a snuff maker. He was a successful artist in Newport by the time the Revolution started, but the war brought an end to his commissions, so he sailed for London in 1775, hoping to make a name for himself.

His critics there accused his portraits of lacking "a distinguished air," complained that "he never deviates into grace." But he had powerful partisans who insisted that, because "he nails the face to the canvas," he was the artist most likely, after the death of Reynolds and Gainsborough, to succeed to the leadership of the British portrait school. No one denied that he was among the most important painters in London.

When he returned to the U.S. late in 1792 he brought back with him the first really sophisticated painting style these shores had ever seen; yet he had not, during his 18 European years, run after any fash-

THE TRUTH... AND NOTHING BUT

Gilbert Stuart's determination to paint his sitters as nature had made them inclined him to be brusque with those who sought out his services. He asked rouged London ladies to wash their faces. And, angered by social pretension, he told a foppish English gentleman, "You look like a fool. Disarrange that fixed-up costume, and I will get to work." Once he shouted at a husband who wanted him to prettify his wife's face, "You bring me a potato, and expect me to paint a peach!"

ion that was alien to his own character or to his native land. His canvases spoke powerfully to the people, and his fellow artists were convinced that they had "never seen portraits before, so decidedly was form and mind conveyed." To be immortalized by Stuart became the ambition of every American who could possibly find the price.

In 1795 Stuart moved on to the national capital, Philadelphia, where he depicted almost all the leading citizens. Washington sat for three portraits. Although the President's name and that of Stuart have gone down together in history, in life the pair got on badly. Endlessly importuned by artists, Washington hated the drudgery of being a model. He posed, as he put it, "like Patience on a monument." As Stuart

put it, "A vacuity spread over his countenance most appalling to paint."

Stuart had a method for bringing bored faces into motion. "To military men," a friend wrote, "he spoke of battles by sea and land; with the statesman, on Hume's and Gibbon's histories; with the merchant, in his way; with the man of leisure, in his way; with ladies, in all ways. He had wit at will, always ample, sometimes redundant."

Faced with Washington, Stuart resolved "to awaken the heroic spirit in him by talking of battles." The general looked up in surprise and then returned to his lethargy. Stuart tried a more direct attack. "Now, sir, you must let me forget that you are General Washington and I am Stuart the painter." Washington bowed with cold politeness. "Mr. Stuart need never feel the need of forgetting who he is, or who General Washington is."

Stuart boasted that he admired "commanding talents in literature and art" only, yet he was overawed by the great statesman. Although the head on the canvas came out firm and powerful—and Stuart concentrated on the head—he regarded the picture as a failure. While he satisfied his creditors by creating copies, he pressed for another opportunity to paint the President, and after it came, he announced that he had destroyed the original of his first picture and thus could make no more the copies which are

today prized as "Vaughan type" portraits of the President.

Washington's agreement to sit for a second time had been obtained, after a long siege of "hard begging," by Mrs. William Bingham, the beauty who presided over Philadelphia's most elegant salon. She ordered, as a gift for the British Lord Lansdowne, a traditional full-length, which added further constraint to a situation Stuart already found frustrating.

But always in desperate need for money, Stuart imitated a composition of overblown elegance from a French print and painted some dozen examples of a full-length Washington, replete with fat columns and gilded furniture, with badges of office and bright summer skies. He found the symbolic accessories so irritating that he hired a sign painter to execute many of them, and when he put in the figure he violated the mood by showing that the aging hero's frame had become ungainly and that his false teeth did not fit.

Although historical considerations have given these huge canvases celebrity, they are certainly among Stuart's worst pictures. The Lansdowne portrait of Washington and its replicas had to be failures, for they represented the kind of art against which the artist had rebelled from the very outset of his career.

Martha Washington came to the rescue by persuading her husband to sit for a third time, so that she

could have an original Stuart for herself. As he worked on what was to be called the Athenaeum portrait, the painter discovered, at long last, stratagems that kept the President's face alive. Although Washington froze at an artist's mention of war or politics, he would discuss subjects he took less seriously: horse racing and farming. Better yet, if he brought a friend with whom to talk—General Knox, or pretty Harriet Chew—he would forget that he was being painted. To make the hero look as if he were commanding an army proved to be simple: all Stuart had to do was to come late for a sitting.

Stuart was so pleased with the resulting portrait that he resolved to keep it, replying to repeated requests from Martha Washington that it was not yet finished. It was never finished, and the President's wife had to be contented in the end with a copy Stuart made for her.

During 1805, Stuart settled permanently in Boston. Enjoying complete acceptance from his compatriots, he gradually gave almost exclusive sway to his obsession with personality as revealed in faces. He rarely attempted more than a head against a flat background, with just enough body shown to give it position within the

frame—and often, after the head was in, he could not bring himself to paint the rest of the canvas.

Slowly, Stuart worked out modifications of established painting techniques that were not to be used in Europe until the era of the impressionists. Denouncing the academic practice of starting a picture with a line drawing, he worked in color from the first, building up masses from dim to sharp, as if he were focusing a lens.

To preserve the purity of his hues, he laid little dots of pigment side by side. "No blending," he told his pupils. "It takes from the transparency and liquidity of coloring and renders flesh the consistency of buckskin. Flesh," he continued, "is like no other substance under heaven. It has all the gaiety of a silk mercer's shop without its gaudiness and gloss, and all the soberness of old mahogany without its sadness." Stuart was a great flesh painter.

Toward the end of his life, Stuart's hands trembled so that it seemed impossible for him to paint, yet he worked effectively until, at the age of 70, he suffered a stroke that paralyzed his left side. On July 8, 1828, he died, leaving his wife and children sunk in debt, bequeathing to his nation a priceless heritage of portraits.



A true friend is one who laughs at your old jokes instead of chuckling over your latest mistake.

Harold Coffin.

The Negro-White Problem:

What Can the Church Do About It?

Ninth in a series of articles on the Catholic Digest Survey of the race problem in the U. S.

MOST ATTEMPTS to solve the race problem in the U. S. ultimately come up against one fundamental question: will racial tensions be eased by keeping whites and Negroes apart, or by bringing them together? The U. S. Supreme Court says that law and justice demand that Negroes be allowed to mingle freely with whites, and has specifically ruled that segregation in the public schools be ended "with all deliberate speed."

But what about segregation in churches? The race question is plainly not one of religion, because, as the first of this series of articles showed, there is practically no difference of opinion on this topic among Catholics, Protestants, or Jews.* Besides, most of the great world religions, and practically all of those that are represented in the U. S., assert the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. The Supreme Court, following the American principle of Church-state separation, says nothing about segregation in the churches.

So much for principles. What of actual practice? Here again, as in many aspects of the race question, there is a considerable gap between stated principles and actual practice. Even as religious leaders have been

preaching the brotherhood of man, Negroes and whites have been for the most part worshipping separately ever since the Revolutionary war, both in South and North.

From time to time, certain religious leaders like Bishop Vincent S. Waters of Raleigh, N. C., or Archbishop Joseph F. Rummel of New Orleans, La., have spoken forcefully on the subject. But since church desegregation is a social question, not a religious one, responsibility for action on the matter rests more on the American people as a whole than on their religious leaders.

How do Americans feel about it? To find out, THE CATHOLIC DIGEST engaged a national research agency, Ben Gaffin & Associates, to ask questions of people all over the country, from all walks of life. In face-to-face interviews, the agency's research men put questions like this: "Do you think that Negroes and whites worshipping together helps, hurts, or makes no difference in solving the Negro-white problem?"

	Whites		Negroes	
	North	South	North	South
Helps	70%	20%	95%	87%
No difference...	9	9	3	6
Hurts	16	64	1	2
No opinion.....	5	7	1	5

So nine Negroes out of ten believe that combining white and Negro congregations would help the U. S.

*See CATHOLIC DIGEST, June '56, p. 2

solve the problem of racial tension. And most whites (58%) agree with them. However, about two out of every three southern whites feel that for Negroes and whites to worship together would do more harm than good.

It is worth noting that whites living in mixed neighborhoods were less enthusiastic about the idea than whites living in all-white neighborhoods; only 59% of the northern whites and 25% of the southern whites in mixed neighborhoods favored the idea as against 71% and 18% for whites living in all-white neighborhoods. (Here is additional evidence that church desegregation is a social problem, not a religious issue.)

However, it seems likely that if a national referendum were to be taken on the question, and assuming that Negroes were allowed to vote, desegregation would win by the overwhelming margin of about 12 (61%) to five (25%).

One argument often used by persons who favor segregation in the churches is that Negroes really prefer clergymen of their own race. The CATHOLIC DIGEST survey found some factual basis for this argument. Question: "Which would you rather have for a pastor, a white or a Negro, or wouldn't it matter to you?"

	Whites		Negroes	
	North	South	North	South
Prefer white.....	50%	87%	1%	1%
Wouldn't matter.48	12	79	66
Prefer Negro.... *	-	19	32
No opinion.....	2	1	1	1
*Less than 1/2%				

So although most Negroes say that it wouldn't matter, almost a third (32%) say that they would rather have a Negro pastor than a white pastor. This is the highest degree of preference for Negroes in any of 15 listed occupations, including doctor, dentist, lawyer, or judge. Negroes questioned further regarding their preference usually explained that they felt a Negro pastor could get closer to his congregation, or said that they received more emotional uplift from sermons preached by one of their own race. Others said that a white pastor's sermons were more likely to have too much intellectual and not enough emotional content.

Because most whites prefer white pastors, it seems likely that whites and Negroes will continue to worship separately even if the principle of desegregation becomes accepted.

However, on this particular question, there seems to be some difference of opinion between Catholics and Protestants. Catholics, both white and Negro, more often than Protestants say that the race of their pastor wouldn't matter to them. More than half (53%) of the Catholic whites living in the North say this, as against 44% of the northern white Protestants who take the same view.

Indeed, Catholics seem to be slightly more liberal in their attitude toward the race problem as a whole than Protestants are. Here, for example, is how the two denominations stand on the question of wheth-

er Negroes and whites worshipping together helps or hurts in solving the race problem.

	Whites		Negroes	
	North	South	North	South
<i>Catholics</i>				
Helps	72%	32%	96%	95%
No difference	8	22	2	5
Hurts	13	36	-	-
No opinion	7	10	2	-
<i>Protestants</i>				
Helps	69%	18%	94%	87%
No difference	9	8	3	6
Hurts	18	68	1	2
No opinion	4	6	2	5

Negroes, particularly in the South, give more credit to the Catholic Church than to Protestant churches for working to solve the race problem. Whites assign more credit to Protestant churches but not in proportion to their greater membership. Six per cent of those living in the North, both Negroes and whites, give Jewish groups the most credit, a much higher percentage than the size of the membership could account for.

The proportion of Negroes who think that the Catholic Church has done more to ease race tensions than other churches seems the more remarkable in the light of the fact that only 9% of all Negroes have Catholic leanings. Here are the religious preferences of the four significant groups in our survey, as evidenced by their answers to this question: "What religion do you prefer: Protestant, Catholic, Jewish, or what?"

	Whites		Negroes	
	North	South	North	South
Protestant	22%	31%	17%	13%
Catholic	30	8	10	9
Jewish	3	2	*	*
Other	3	1	3	2
None	3	3	3	1

*Less than 1/2%

So even the Protestants among the Negroes give the Catholic Church more credit for working to solve the race problem than they give their own churches. Here are the complete figures, as tabulated from answers to this question: "As far as you know, which of the three large religious groups has done the most to help solve the Negro-white problem: Protestant, Catholic, or Jewish?"

	Whites		Negroes	
	North	South	North	South
<i>Protestants</i>				
Protestant	32%	35%	18%	15%
Catholic	8	12	40	57
Jewish	4	4	6	3
No opinion	56	49	36	25
<i>Catholics</i>				
Protestant	7%	5%	6%	2%
Catholic	41	46	72	79
Jewish	5	-	6	2
No opinion	47	49	16	17

Let Catholics be inclined to feel smug about the answers given to the preceding question, let them consider the answers to this one: "Do you think the churches (all of them) have done as much as they should to help solve the Negro-white problem or not?"

	Whites	Negroes
Yes, they have	29%	17%
No, they have not	40	58
No opinion	31	25

Thus, in both groups, more people are dissatisfied than are satisfied with the efforts being made by the churches to ease race tensions. And Negroes are much more critical of the churches in this respect than whites are. Negroes dissatisfied with church efforts in their behalf outnumber satisfied Negroes three to one.

Some of the same things for which the churches are given credit by those who say the churches are doing enough are suggested by those who feel that the churches should be doing more: accepting Negroes as members; practicing what they preach; actively working against prejudice; giving financial aid to Negroes or their churches, praying that the problem be solved.

From the answers to most of the questions put in this phase of the survey, it becomes apparent that there is a great nation-wide unease of conscience over the way the Negro is now being treated in our society.

Most white persons acknowledge that there is something wrong that must be put right, and it is natural that they should look to the church (not the Catholic Church, specifically, or the Protestant churches, or the Jewish synagogues, but to the

church as an institution of society) for a solution.

Back in the 20's, it was very much in vogue for certain men to deprecate what they called "the failure of religion." By now, most Americans are intellectually mature enough to recognize that, when widespread wrong is done, it is because men have failed in their religion.

Until comparatively recently, our approach to the Negro-white problem has been one of "sweeping it under the rug." But now that the race problem has been brought into the open, now that it takes precedence, in public thinking, over such gigantic problems as the atom bomb, international hostility or juvenile delinquency, there is cause for great hope. When we reach the point of translating commonly accepted religious principles into practice, that hope will be achieved.



HAND OF BROTHERHOOD

When a community redevelopment project condemned the church building used by the all-Negro Border Methodist church of Minneapolis, Minn., the congregation were promptly invited to join the Hennepin Avenue Methodist church of the same city. The invitation was extended after a unanimous vote of the 150 lay members of the Hennepin Avenue church's board of trustees.

For nearly 20 years, the two churches have sponsored exchange programs between Sunday schools, youth groups, and women's organizations.

Two years ago, the Hennepin Avenue church officially went on record as extending a "sincere welcome to persons of all races."

The Revd. Charles M. Sexton, Negro pastor of the Border church, would receive a new appointment should his congregation decide to join the Hennepin Avenue group. The Border church building must be vacated by Feb. 1.

Minneapolis Morning Tribune (3 Dec. '56).

By George Benson King
Condensed from "Good Housekeeping"*

The Fan=Club Racket

Shrieking, swooning teen-agers are making big money for slick promoters

ADULTS WHO LAUGH at fan clubs, those little clusters of teen-agers who worship male crooners, don't know what has happened to the fan clubs. Once they were ludicrous. Today they are one of the country's most effective sales forces.

Slick promoters have stepped in to harness the shrieking power of the teen-agers and have cynically directed it toward raising a sales curve. And in the process, the teen-ager has been stripped of her money and free time, and pinioned far too long at the star-worship stage.

Fan clubs are a symptom of that universal teen-age affliction, the Crush. Customarily this begins in the female of the species as the Crush on the Distant Idol. The Crush, one of the odd mechanisms by which we come of age emotionally, is a kind of necessary trial run on the route to learning to love as an adult. It is unnerving to behold. And it becomes especially dangerous if it lasts too long, and delays—or even prevents—transition to interest in the gangling youth next door.



The 1½ million who have joined fan clubs exist on one hope: to somehow contrive to draw near the hero, know him personally. This won't happen, of course. A star gives practically nothing but his name to his fan club, which is handled by professionals he employs to "keep the kids working" and "out of his hair."

A male singer builds his career on wildfire sales of records. If he brings out a new song on Monday, and by Friday has goaded his fan-club members into buying a quarter of a million records (a feat Elvis Presley accomplished with a terrifying performance called *Hound Dog*), he can be certain that on Saturday numbers of movie and television dignitaries will be on his doorstep, contracts in hand. Johnnie Ray's organization estimates that his fan clubs can be counted on to de-

*57th St. at 8th Ave., New York City 19. November, 1956. © 1956 by the Hearst Corp., and reprinted with permission.

liver sales of 100,000 records by their individual purchases alone. And buying the record is only the beginning.

Let's look at the schedule of a member of a Pat Boone fan club, which is, unfortunately, typical. Pat (who, in case anybody doesn't know, is a good-looking, moderately gifted tenor) tells his followers: "Each member is required to send at least five requests weekly to the disc jockeys requesting the artist's new release. Each member should support his star's new release by giving loads of spins to it on jukeboxes, and by talking with others about the club, and encouraging new members to join. Each member should be willing to give complete co-operation on any project the club undertakes."

Records are about \$1 each, and those "loads of spins" on jukeboxes cost a dime a spin. Five requests to disc jockeys each week come to 10¢ or 15¢ a week in postage. That means a fan member's minimum required expenditure (assuming a rock-bottom five spins) is 60¢ a week, and when a record comes out, \$1.60. A popular star usually brings out four records a year, and one or more "albums" (at \$4 each).

Members are also asked to buy anywhere from eight to ten additional records a year by artists other than the idol (a star will frequently "tie up" with another's fan-club organization to swell the sales of both). Johnnie Ray, for example,

will tell his clubs, "I heard a record the other day that I wanted to tell you about even though I didn't record it. I think it is very beautiful, and I advise you to get it." In addition, local clubs assess their members about 25¢ each week. In other words, a teen-age club member is told to spend well over \$60 in her idol's behalf in a year!

Now let's return to the last provision mentioned to the Pat Boone fan clubs. "Each member should be willing to give complete cooperation on any project the club undertakes." This kind of clause is in the rules of practically every fan club, and opens the way to a range of activity few professional promoters match. Fan-club members are urged to take to the phone, on a round-the-clock, circuit-jamming basis, to ask disc jockeys for the star's new record. They must also listen carefully for the disc jockey's comment on the performance. If it is favorable, the members must produce letters and post cards praising his taste. If it is critical, the members must inundate him with protests.

The volume of letters that a loyal fan club produces, apart from simple requests for "spins," is enormous, and each member must get out her share. From this sea of correspondence the star nets priceless free advertising from the disc jockeys to the effect that "he sure is hot," while the teen-ager gets nothing but writer's cramp and a postage bill.

But she must go on writing, be-

cause the star's organization has other important targets: the record critics in magazines and newspapers. The fan-club membership "must" keep up the requests for more stories about their idol.

Endlessly and crassly the pattern goes on. From Johnnie Ray comes a special "release": "Some other activities for your club might include getting tickets for disc-jockey shows and visiting them as Johnnie Ray fans; asking your record-shop owners if they would like you and your members to make up posters about Johnnie's new releases for displays in their stores (of course make certain they have all Johnnie's new records in stock); keeping scrapbooks about Johnnie and your club activities; and having postcard parties. Postcard parties would be a group of you getting together and playing Johnnie's records while you write and phone disc jockeys asking them to spin more of Johnnie's recordings." And so on, for virtually every would-be Ray hit.

Julius La Rosa is fancier. Twice a year, La Rosa fans get a 28-page bulletin packed with puffs about "Julie" and sugar-coated with occasional pious pleas urging good conduct. But inevitably the bulletin gets down to business: get after those disc jockeys; buy those records.

The teen-ager's rewards for this huge investment of time and money? She *thought*, of course, when she joined the club, that the reward was going to be the friendship and

approval of the star. This was why she joined the "official, properly recognized club" rather than a little amateur local group whose members worship the hero on their own. A fan-club member takes pride in the fact that *her* president "did things right," wrote to the star, and requested written permission from him to start an approved club.

A rising star receives mailbags full of such requests, and one of his first acts is to employ enough help so that he need never see them. His employees, armed with a rubber-stamp facsimile of his signature and thousands of machine-autographed pictures of him, take over. Most stars supply these items free of charge. The Pat Boone organization estimates that fan-club materials cost them about \$1,000 a month, but quickly add that it is worth the investment.

However, the fastest-growing fan club of all, Elvis Presley's, actually charges its members for cards and photographs. The Presley people offer their clubs two "kits," one for 50¢, another, more elaborate, for \$1.50. Presley employees explain that they are selling the equipment below its actual cost, that Elvis could not possibly afford to supply his half a million fans with photographs. They admit, however, that more than one teen-ager has presumed to ask, "If Elvis can afford four Cadillacs, why can't he afford pictures for us? We support *him*." To this deadly accurate logic no

Elvis Presley man so far has a reply.

Julius La Rosa's organization requires 50¢ a year from each member, plus \$1 registration fee for the club. There is more than a little irony to these charges, for when Arthur Godfrey inadvertently made a star of La Rosa by firing him, Godfrey complained that La Rosa had been squandering too much of his salary on building La Rosa fan clubs. Palpably, La Rosa saw the wisdom of Godfrey's criticism and put his clubs on a paying basis.

After the star's organization has issued photographs, membership cards, and the "letter of permission" to a fan club, it begins to put the club to work. Orders for action come disguised as warm, friendly newsletters giving "inside stuff" about the star. For example, admirers of The Four Lads received, last February, a long, poorly mimeographed letter that began: "In answer to all the questions that we received on February 14th, YES! We will be your Valentine!"

After this lavish gesture, the communique quickly got down to business. "And speaking of records, we couldn't be happier to tell you about NO, NOT MUCH! As we are writing this, *Cashbox*, *Billboard*, and *Variety* all have it listed as the Number 4 record in the country!! Ever since its release, it has been steadily climbing on every chart, and next week it will no doubt be beyond #4 and on its way to the top of the chart.

"The mail has been just fantastic

on this record. From all over we've been getting a pile of letters every day with reports on what the various clubs are doing to make NO, NOT MUCH! the number one song in their area and in the country. The last few notches in the charts, from 5 on up, are the toughest part of the climb, and we really need a lot of help from every one of you to make it.

"It's so easy to sit back at this stage and glow with pride at the point the record has now made, and figure, well, it's this close, it's sure to make it. But we sure know that right now is the time for a big concentrated second wind drive, and we hope so much that all of you presidents everywhere will back us in this drive.

"When NO, NOT MUCH! reaches #1, it will have sold a million records. It's so close now, that with all of you working as hard as you did at the beginning, we are sure to make it. Can we count on You??? We think we can!!!!"

No, Not Much hit the No. 1 position in the charts six weeks later.

All star organizations proudly document instances in which the fan clubs have pushed record sales. The Johnnie Ray organization has even devised a method of pitting one club against the other, the Johnnie Ray monthly citation, which is reported in the monthly newsletter to all clubs. (Sample: "The Special Ray Citation is awarded this month to my fan clubs in the

Connecticut area for your wonderful work in having me elected the top male vocalist in the nation on Jack Downey's show on radio station WONS in Hartford.") The Connecticut Ray clubs got a sheet of pseudo parchment marked "Citation" complete with Johnnie's printed signature, and the other, uncited clubs were thus nerved to press harder for citations of their own.

Fan clubs are now so important to a crooner that if he is not striking enough or celebrated enough to attract fan clubs on his own, he often buys a service that specializes in drumming up clubs for him. The United Fan Mail service, a Hollywood company organized originally as a letter-answering service for movie stars, has become especially adept at the synthetic creation of fan clubs. They entered the business because, as the president explained, "We get paid by the number of letters handled, and fan clubs encourage requests for pictures and autographs."

To get a new club started, the company persuades its already estab-

lished clubs to feature new stars in their club journals (it insists that all its clubs publish a journal) with the suggestion that "it would be nice" if the newcomer had a fan club, too. That "suggestion" invariably brings in a response that the company scrutinizes carefully. "If we like their age, their education, the sound of their letter, and if they have a typewriter and mimeograph facilities, we tell them they can be president of the fan club and go ahead."

Like the large, established fan clubs, the United Fan Mail service also "sells" teen-agers on buying records, only in this case these are the recordings of new stars. Says the president of the firm, "Take Steve Rowland. He's just made his first record for Liberty. We contact all the fan clubs for our other clients, and suggest that they listen to Steve's record and call the disc jockeys in their town to request it."

Who will break up this racket? Probably the only people who can are the teen-agers themselves. They don't like to be taken for chumps any more than adults do.



MARTIAL MUSIC

Two veteran Marines were bragging about their respective outfits. "When we presented arms," said one, "all you could hear was slap, slap, click."

"With us it was slap, slap, jingle," said the other.

"Jingle? What was that?"

"Our medals."

Wireco Life (June '56).

By Kay Sullivan
Condensed from "Columbia"*



Cantinflas: Clown With a Heart

U. S. movie-goers are getting their first look at the most popular actor on earth

Cantinflas to describe a good-natured fellow who talks a lot without saying anything.

The reason why U. S. audiences haven't seen Cantinflas in Hollywood productions before this is quite simple. You spell it m-o-n-e-y. Cantinflas is the highest paid actor in the world, a multimillionaire whose income from royalties alone runs about \$100,000 a month. He demands and gets an advance of 1 million pesos (about \$125,000) for every film he makes.

It took producer Michael Todd to lure him north of the border with: 1. a guarantee reported to run to \$3 million, and 2. a very meaty role, that of Passepartout, manservant to Phineas Fogg in Todd's \$6-million production of Jules Verne's *Around the World in Eighty Days*. Todd even permitted Cantinflas to change the character from a Frenchman to a Mexican, for the comedian insists on staying in character. In Mexico, all his pictures are built around him.

WHO'S THAT sad-eyed guy who plays the valet? Why haven't I seen him before? He's terrific!" You'll hear remarks like those from movie-goers who are leaving a theater after seeing *Around the World in Eighty Days*. But you'd never hear those questions in a Latin-American city. In fact, if you asked such questions there, you'd run the risk of getting the quick heave-ho from the outraged citizenry.

The sad-eyed guy is none other than Cantinflas (accent the second syllable), idol of movie fans in 21 Spanish-speaking countries.

For 20 years, Cantinflas has been Mexico's favorite funnyman, so thoroughly identified with his role of bumbling, bedraggled tramp that his name has become part of the language. Mexicans use the word

*Columbus Plaza, New Haven 7, Conn. February, 1957. © 1957 by the Knights of Columbus, and reprinted with permission.

Probably no actor in the world enjoys the kind of popularity that Cantinflas enjoys in his native land. Everybody loves him. Somewhere along the line, he mastered the dangerous art of bullfighting. He now makes about 40 personal appearances a year as a clown-matador. He's good at it, too, though he limits himself to facing young bulls. He's the only man alive who can fill to overflowing Mexico City's enormous bullfight arena, which has a seating capacity of 70,000. (The only other matador who could draw such a crowd was the great Manolete, who died a few years ago.)

Cantinflas has had some close calls in the arena. The experience that gave him the greatest anxiety, he says, was a recent fight at Tia Juana, where he was scheduled to make his television debut for U. S. audiences.

As he came into the ring in full regalia, he was keenly conscious that millions of people were watching him on their TV screens. The bull he was to confront didn't come out of the runway, so Cantinflas did a little preliminary cavorting about. Five seconds ticked by. No bull appeared. Cantinflas flourished his cape expectantly. Still no sign of the bull. He could feel the sweat pouring down beneath his matador's hat and pigtail; for he had been warned that unless he started the action with the bull immediately, the cameras would have to switch

to the next part of the program. Ten seconds went by. Fifteen seconds.

Cantinflas did what he usually does when in trouble. He prayed. The bull, which had been coyly hiding in the runway for 20 seconds, emerged. The day, the TV show, and Cantinflas were saved.

"And the timing was perfect," commented Cantinflas fervently.

When Cantinflas makes a personal appearance in a town, the whole place goes slightly mad. The day takes on some of the atmosphere of a national holiday. No one works; even siestas are foregone. Poor men will cheerfully pawn their shoes, clothing, furniture to buy tickets. In fact, this habit became so prevalent that the Mexican government had to order pawnshops to close up for at least two days before any public appearance by Cantinflas, just to keep families from hocking all their worldly goods to see their idol.

Their devotion is not misplaced. Cantinflas loves the people as much as they love him.

He is considered the softest touch in show business. But his philanthropy isn't limited to gifts to fellow actors. (As head of the *Asociación Nacional de Actores*, which includes stage, screen, TV, and radio actors, he has made the organization the most beneficent union of its kind.) Cantinflas gives money away as fast as he makes it. That's one reason why he asks for such large

sums for every film. Five years ago, he pledged himself to raise \$2½ million a year to build housing units, hospitals, and clinics for the poor.

He's as liberal with his time as with his money. While working on *Around the World in Eighty Days*, he topped off a ten-hour workday (during which he had risked his neck several-times jumping from a moving train) with a four-hour stretch of clowning at a Los Angeles benefit show for flood victims.

The main reason why Cantinflas feels so deeply about the poor is that he was once one of them. He was born Mario Moreno in 1911 on a street called Santa Maria la Redonda, which separates the old Mexico City from the new. Today it is a turbulent, rundown neighborhood; then it was poor but respectable. Mario was the sixth of 12 sons and three daughters in the family of José Moreno and his wife, Maria Guizar. Maria, a tender mother, dedicated each of her children to the Blessed Virgin.

José, a post-office employee, was ambitious for his family. He made extraordinary efforts to educate his sons. Mario, a happy-go-lucky little boy, attended Bartolome de las Casas school, but quickly showed that he was more interested in becoming its marble champion than its ranking scholar.

José moved his family to another neighborhood, and Mario was enrolled in another school. This time

he made progress in penmanship, but still he was better at *valero*, a ball-and-stick game, than at his lessons. He won every *valero* contest easily, a distinction his father didn't appreciate.

When Mario was 15, his father gave him one more chance to acquire a solid background. He entered him in the National Agricultural school at Chapingo. Mario hated it. He would come home on holidays without a bit of information to impart about crops or animal husbandry. He would spend every free hour in the streets, dancing. His long, agile legs were tireless as he demonstrated the fox trot, the tango, and even the Charleston to anyone who would watch. He had learned to dance by going to movies and watching American screen stars. He especially loved movies about cowboys, aviators, and dancers; he liked entertainment that spoke of action or of escape from the humdrum.

For nine months, Mario tried to be an agricultural student, mainly to please his mother, whom he dearly loved. But finally he could bear it no longer. He ran away to Jalapa, where he joined up as a dancer with a *carpa*, or tent show. He was just 16. When the season ended, he went home again; but his brief taste of show business had shown him what he wanted to be.

Before long, he left home again, this time for Tacambaro. He had heard that a *Señor* Subaroff, a

former circus impresario, was running a highly successful *carpa* called the *Compañio Novel*. While waiting for the first show to finish so that he could apply for a job, Mario noticed a beautiful blonde dancer in the troupe.

"That's the girl I would like for my partner," he said to one of the company. "Who is she?"

The fellow gave Mario a warning look. "Stay away from her," he cautioned. "That's Valentina Subaroff, the boss's daughter!"

Years later, Mario married Valentina. He still likes to tease her about that warning he received.

Mario was signed on as a dancer, but he soon found himself doubling, tripling, and quadrupling in other roles. One week he would be billed as an acrobat, the next as a boxer, the next as a singer. But the role he enjoyed most was one he had never expected to play: that of clown.

The transition from dancer to the role that was to bring him his fame was surprisingly quick. Overnight, Mario abandoned the tango and the Charleston and went in for pantomime. The Mexican people, weary of revolution and trouble, were eager for something amusing. Mario's costume, long white undershirt, baggy pants, and battered felt hat, made people roar with laughter before he spoke a word. It was the typical garb of the *pelado*, or underdog of the Mexican slums. As a crowning touch, he added his special trademark: the *gabardina*, liter-

ally a coat, but in his case simply a rag. He wore it slung over one shoulder, and treated it as carefully as if it had just been tailored on Saville Row.

In addition to this costume, he chose a new name: Cantinflas. He adopted it on the spur of the moment while walking down the street. A sign with the name *Cantin* caught his fancy; the *flas* he stuck on for camouflage.

His habit of talking in *non sequiturs*, as much a part of Cantinflas as his shabby outfit, was born one night when someone (probably his father-in-law) shoved him onstage to act as master of ceremonies. Cantinflas couldn't find the right words to say; everything came out backwards in a lovely cascade of nonsense. The audience was enraptured.

Cantinflas sensed that the people weren't laughing just at him. They were laughing at a weakness in themselves. He was making the mistakes they knew they would make in the same circumstances. From that night on, "cantinfleuring" became his specialty. It has made him the despair of script writers, but has endeared him to his fans.

As word spread about Cantinflas' uproarious portrayal of the "little man," the *Compañio Novel* became extremely popular. By 1937, when Mario and Valentina were married, it was not unusual to hear Cantinflas quoted on any subject from taxes to dog racing.

His movie career began when he was hired to lampoon some advertising commercials. Soon he was making full-length comedies: *Ahi Esta el Detalle* (*That's the Point*); *El Gendarme Desconocido* (*The Unknown Gendarme*); and *Ni Sangre ni Arena* (*Neither Blood Nor Sand*). Practically overnight, Cantinflas became Mexico's most popular screen star, though at first some people regarded his humor as a bit too broad.

Because of his baggy trousers and his skillful pantomime, Cantinflas has frequently been called Mexico's Charlie Chaplin. Cantinflas himself thinks that there is little ground for the comparison.

"Cantinflas talks, talks, talks, even though he says nothing," explains the Mexican comedian. "Chaplin was almost always silent. Cantinflas is the actor of triumph; he always gets the best of his enemy in some way. Chaplin was the actor of frustration."

Much of Cantinflas' charm lies in his illogical approach to everything. He favors an apathetic motion of the hands, always with a cigarette in one of them, a deliberate curving of the spine and hips, while the rest of the body is immobile.

In real life, Cantinflas (nobody ever calls him Mario Moreno any more) is a dapper fellow. He wears \$150 suits, but they're in quiet good taste. He is short and slim. He has

dark brown hair, a hardly perceptible mustache, and the largest, saddest brown eyes extant.

Ironically, Cantinflas' fans in Mexico may not see his remarkable performance in *Around the World in Eighty Days* for several years. The government forbids movie houses to charge more than four pesos (about 32¢) for admission, and who is going to show a \$6 million film for that price?

Cantinflas would appear to be at the artistic and financial peak of his career. He owns his own movie company, Posa Films. He divides his time between two magnificent homes, one in Mexico City, the other in Acapulco. He has a yacht and a private DC-6 (occasionally he flies to New York for a visit). Nonetheless, his friends insist that in most matters his tastes are simple.

Better than anything else he likes to work, usually to the point of utter fatigue. He works now not so much for himself as for the people who love him. He sincerely thinks that no man's talent belongs exclusively to himself, that he must share it and its rewards with others.

Cantinflas, who has made a specialty of madcap gibberish, spoke most explicitly in answer to a question about his goal in life: "I want to give the poor more than laughter. Laughter, yes, by all means. But I also want to give them bread, clothing, and comfort. Only then can I be happy."





THE IRON CURTAIN has many "open doors," but they must be entered stealthily. We, refugees from a communist-overrun country, think our prayers for Russia are being answered.

One night, shortly after the Russians occupied our home town, a Russian officer appeared at the door of our little parish rectory, asking Baptism for an infant he held in his arms, and beseeching secrecy.

The same night had not yet passed when a young woman, holding the very same baby, came on the same mission. She could not conceal her fright as she explained that her husband was a secret-police officer, and that she had waited for him to be sent out of town before coming with the baby. The child was very sick.

But the little boy lived. And it may be that the night he was brought twice for Baptism is still a secret in his family. Orest Schur.

EYING THE ROMAN COLLAR, the stranger approached the clergyman. "Say a Mass for my intention, will you, Father," he said, pressed a bill into

[For statements of true incidents by which persons were brought into the Church \$25 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts submitted for this department cannot be returned.]

his hand, and was off down the street.

The clergyman was the Revd. Stephen W. Wilson, an Episcopalian minister. The Revd. Mr. Wilson took the offering to a Catholic rectory, and told the story to the pastor.

"Why don't you say the Mass yourself, Reverend?" asked the pastor, with a twinkle in his eye.

Almost 50 years later, Monsignor Wilson, finishing 33 years as pastor of Blessed Sacrament church in Cleveland, retold, with a similar twinkle, the incident which led him into the Church and the Catholic priesthood. Harry S. Banach.

LITTLE DID I think when I invited a stranger to my wedding that therefore she would become a Catholic! Riding the bus home from work on the eve of my marriage about four years ago, I could not contain my joy. Thus the bundle-laden shopper beside me found herself hearing about the scheduled wedding—in our new church, and wasn't I the lucky one to be the first bride to kneel at the altar! She had never seen a Catholic wedding, she murmured. "Oh, then come." She demurred. "But nobody will look at you."

After my wedding Mass the next morning, I saw my new acquaintance slip past the receiving line.

Recently, I met her in a crowded department store. Our chance meeting in the bus was a turning point in her life, she told me. The deep devotion of the people at my Mass had so impressed her that she sought the reason for it, and became a Catholic. Now her husband is taking instructions, too. Lois M. Teer.

By Joseph T. O'Callahan, S.J.
Condensed from
*"I Was Chaplain on the Franklin"**

Mass Before Battle

*The chaplain brought Christ to
the 'Franklin' before her travail*

AT MIDAFTERNOON, on March 17, 1945, about the time when "New York's Finest" were leading the parade down 5th Ave. toward the reviewing stand at St. Patrick's cathedral, some 1200 boys gathered in the fo'c'sle section of the *Franklin*. They were gathered there for prayer. They were attending Mass, and not a Mass of obligation. Yet every Catholic was present.

For some it was the feast of their heavenly patron, St. Patrick; others had for patron St. George or St. Boniface, Sts. Cyril and Methodius, San Diego, or the patron saint of any of half a dozen other nationalities. But whatever their ancestry they were Americans. The heavenly patroness of America is our Lady, and on this Saturday a Mass in her honor was to be said. Tomorrow before dawn the first offensive attack would be launched.

Canvas shielded two mess tables from headwinds. One table was the altar.

Through millions of Masses and centuries of years the altar has always been a table or a tomb. Thus

through the ages has been perpetuated a double remembrance, the institution of the Eucharist and the burial of our Lord.

Death, even at Mass, even before combat. But different from the usual horror and bitterness of death. "Eat, drink . . . for tomorrow we die!"



How different the symbolism of the altar and the cynicism of Horace! Food and death, but both in Christ. The cloth which covered the table at his Last Supper, and the winding sheet in which He was embalmed, are both symbolized by the linen

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153 pp. \$2.75.

altar cloths secured against the wind by thumbtacks. In the most forward part of the ship, raised well above the deck, this mess-table altar, mystical symbol of table and tomb, a holy mountain where Jesus transfigures and immolates Himself, is at once Tabor and Calvary.

The second table contains the appurtenances which the priest will use at Mass. The glistening chalice and the paten, a saucer of gold upon which rests the bread for consecration. In ancient years, much larger, it held all the gifts collected in the offerings. But no saucer can contain the offering of this Mass, the voluntary offering of 1200 lives. The corporal, a small linen napkin upon which will rest through the solemn parts of the Mass the consecrated Host, our Lord Jesus Christ. And the chalice veil. It hides from view, except at the height of the mysteries, both chalice and paten, as this day hides the near but mysterious tomorrow.

On the table, also, are the priest's vestments. In donning them he covers his own personality and puts on Christ. Each garment is rich in remembrance of struggle and death.

The amice, a helmet spiritually more protective than any steel helmet. "Place, O Lord, the helmet of salvation on my head to resist the attacks of the devil."

The alb, a white garment, symbol of the pure of heart. "Make me white, O Lord, and purify my heart, so that being made white in the

Blood of the Lamb, I may deserve an eternal reward." Blood will flow soon in the white heat of battle, and out of this, what? Eternal life out of death, for those who die. For those who live? At least, please God, a cleansing of heart.

The cincture, the maniple, the stole. Finally the chasuble, principal vestment of the priest at Mass, a "little house." Clothed in the chasuble, the priest is close to God, and so he prays, "O Lord, who hast said, 'My yoke is sweet and my burden light,' grant that I may so carry it as to merit thy grace." The priest's burden indeed is light: no worldly responsibilities, and untold graces to help fulfill his spiritual obligations. But the priest considered with his flock? Twelve hundred about to face death, each a special responsibility of their priest, who must hope and pray and work and pray again that each of them may be ready for death!

I began vesting for Mass, then looked about for a server. In the front row was Dr. Bill Fox. Bill hesitated to accept because he had not served since school days and thought that he had forgotten the responses. Despite some reluctance he was appointed server. There was no fear of undue embarrassment, because priest and doctor had come to know each other well. In the confusion of thousands of new names and faces which became the new world and parish when the priest boarded the *Franklin*, Bill

was among the first who had made himself known. Friendship ripens quickly aboard ship, and Bill and I were close friends. The Mass began. Priest and server alternated in the recitation of David's Psalm.

"Introibo ad altare Dei: I shall go unto the altar of God, to God who giveth joy to my youth." To the youth of the *Franklin*? It is hard to realize at the moment that before tomorrow is done some of these youths here present will have entered into eternal joy. Who? How many?

"Judica me, Deus: Judge me, O Lord, and distinguish my cause from the nation that is not holy." There was a challenge. If God is to be on our side, we must be on his.

"Ab homine iniquo: From the unjust and the wicked deliver me." Avoiding eternal harm is much more important than escaping physical danger. Our Lord Himself gave apt interpretation to this verse of David: "Fear not him who can harm only the body—fear him who can drag both body and soul into hell."

"Confiteor Deo: I confess to almighty God." A reminder that many haven't gone to Confession yet! Best speak about general absolution during the sermon. (Am I meditating on the prayers of the Mass or am I wandering into mental distractions? It's hard sometimes to distinguish.) This is perhaps the most important Mass this priest will ever say. I should say it with special devotion.

Important? It may well be the last Mass I shall ever say. Strange, isn't it, that one appreciates with abstract clarity that some here present will be dead tomorrow, but one never thinks to include himself? Perhaps I shall be dead tomorrow. (Now, that is a distraction!)

"Aufer a nobis, quaesumus, Domine: Take away from us, O Lord, our iniquities that we may enter into the holy of holies with pure hearts." The altar is a symbol of heaven. For some here present, perhaps for me, the symbol will soon give way to reality. With pure hearts some of us will soon enter into the eternal holy of holies.

"Gloria in excelsis Deo: Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace to men of good will." The peace which the world cannot give, and on this morning is not giving.

"Munda cor meum: As once You cleansed with a burning ember the lips of Isaias, the prophet, now cleanse my heart and lips that I may be worthy to preach your Gospel."

It is time to interrupt the Mass, time to preach. As never before, the priest needs God's help to preach Christ well. To tell these boys, and in the telling make them appreciate, that if Christ be with us nothing else matters. Or better, if we are with Christ, everything else will fit into proper place: combat, danger, death, even victory. The priest must preach well the Gospel of Christ to his flock on the fo'c'sle.

"As we all know, boys, tomorrow morning the fighting starts. We've known that for ten days. And before combat each one of you should go to Confession and receive Holy Communion.

"For the past week, several hours each day have been assigned to Confessions. The first time that the word was passed you might not have heard it. But you should have heard it the third time or the fifth or the tenth. Each day, the line outside the chaplains' office grew longer as more and more took advantage of the opportunity of confessing. Today the line stretched half the length of the ship.

"Yet there are still several hundred who have not yet received absolution. You were warned not to wait till the last day. Well, this is the last day, the last day before action. Too many waited too long."

The congregation stood in massed formation, their bodies a blur of faded dungarees, mottled gray and khaki shirts. Faces were attentive, feet shifted ill at ease under the partial reprimand. The priest doesn't know by face or name those who have not been to Confession; he knows only the total number of Confessions heard and the total of Catholics aboard.

The priest's instruction to his flock continued. "These remarks are not a reprimand; they are merely a statement of fact. But reprimand or no, it is also a fact that each one of you should receive absolution and

go to Holy Communion today. Fortunately, there is available the privilege of general absolution. Therefore, pay attention now to the requisite conditions.

"Obviously, to be effective, general absolution presupposes that you are sorry for having offended God. If I am not sorry for having offended God, then not even God Himself can forgive me. General absolution also requires that at the earliest convenience each one will go to Confession in the regular way and tell all sins committed since the last regular Confession. This is required even though the sins will actually be forgiven at the moment of general absolution. But because your sins are forgiven, then at the regular time during Mass today each one here can and should go to Holy Communion. To guarantee our sincerity let us now say out loud together the Act of Contrition."

On the fo'c'sle of the *Franklin* 1200 subdued voices joined in unison, reciting phrase by phrase the solemn and familiar prayer: "O my God, I am heartily sorry for having offended Thee. I detest all my sins because I dread the loss of heaven and the pains of hell; but most of all because they offend Thee, my God who art all good and deserving of all my love. I firmly resolve with the help of Thy grace to confess my sins, do penance, and amend my life. Amen."

The special public-address system carried clearly to 1200 men the

priest's words pronouncing general absolution: "*Ego auctoritate Ipsius vos absolvo a peccatis vestris in nomine Patris et Filii et Spiritus Sancti.*" The eyes of the 1200 seemed to mirror the peace which comes with sanctifying grace.

The informal instruction continued with the topic of prayer. The priest told his boys that somehow it did not seem quite logical for the prayer to be principally a request that we come out of the fight alive. The task force was initiating an offensive. We were deliberately going into danger to force the fight.

Hence, the proper prayer should be to ask God's help for this: that while in the fray we might do as good a job as possible for God and country. "That, my shipmates and my brethren, is the intention for which this Mass today is being offered. God bless you all."

The sermon is finished. The Mass continues. The familiar prayers acquire deeper meaning.

"Receive, O Holy Father, almighty and eternal God, this spotless host, which I, Thy unworthy servant, offer unto Thee my living and true God, for my countless sins, trespasses, and omissions; likewise for all here present"—for Datzman and Di Palma, for Grata and Greco, for McCauley, McDonald, and Sokotowski; for Bill Fox who as acolyte participates most closely in the Mass—"for all here present that it may avail both me and them to salvation unto life everlasting."

At the *Orate, fratres* the priest turns. "Pray, brethren, that my sacrifice and yours may be well pleasing to God the Father almighty." To which the server responds in his own name and in the name of all the others: "May the Lord receive this Sacrifice at thy hands, to the praise and glory of his name, to our own benefit, and that of all his holy Church."

"*Suscipiat Dominus sacrificium de manibus tuis. . .*" Dr. Fox struggles through the Latin phrases, jerking them like a schoolboy, half stuttering the difficult syllables. (It's a hard prayer to say, Bill, even when it's recited frequently. It's the *Pons asinorum* for those aspiring to be altar boys. The *Suscipiat* is a tongue twister. You said the prayer as well as anyone would.)

The worries of the acolyte are over. Through the more solemn parts of the Mass the priest prays alone, his assistant merely kneeling at attention.

The priest turns back to the altar. The boys' faces watch, more attentive perhaps than ever before, more aware perhaps of the sublimity of the Sacrifice of the Mass.

In externals, at least, this Mass is different from any they have attended in their churches at home. Here the fo'c'sle of a warship is church. Rollie Baca sees the little adobe church built in Spanish style, in far-off Albuquerque. Tony Bosco remembers the church in downtown Detroit, where you see

the main altar from any seat on three different floors. Don Simpson recalls that this is St. Patrick's day, and there comes to his mind's eye St. Patrick's on 5th Ave., its towering spires dwarfed now by Radio City just across the street, but no less inspiring because of that.

The priest bends to pronounce the words of Consecration. His

chasuble flaps in the wind of the North Pacific. Everyone is still. He kneels, stands, and elevates the Host. Suddenly the differences mean nothing.

The steel deck, canvas shields, skimpy combat vestments fade before the one reality that is the Mass, whether said at high altar or mess table.



• • In Our Parish • •

In our parish school, the doctor who had come to administer polio shots to class 1A asked Sister Anne for a holder.

"A holder?" Sister asked.

"You know, someone to hold the children. I've been getting kicked and scratched everywhere I go."

"I don't think that will be necessary here," Sister Anne said. "Why don't you start out without one, and see what happens."

The doctor did as Sister asked, and was amazed at the tight-lipped silence of the little tots.

"Doesn't it hurt?" he asked little Mary Susan, the tenth girl in line.

"It sure does," she said, "but I offered it up to our Lady."

The doctor shook his head at Sister Anne. "I sure wish we had that lady in the other schools I go to."

Sister Marie Jeannette.



In our parish, it is customary for the ushers to collect the seat money after all are in their pews and Mass has begun. However, at our first Sunday Mass in our new surroundings, my mother and I were unaware of this procedure. The gentleman on my mother's left passed his dime to her, along with the offerings of the others in our pew. My mother who had been fumbling in her purse for change, gave the poor man a cold stare and raised her nose proudly.

"No, thank you," she whispered curtly.

Janice L. Prenavo.

[You are invited to submit similar stories of parish life, for which \$10 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts submitted to this department cannot be acknowledged nor returned.—Ed.]

NUNS in
SKirts & Blouses





Novices at the mission enjoy a snowball fight. Most of the girls go straight from school to their training for the Order.

Missionary Fathers of the Xaverian Order of Parma, Italy, said that women wearing civilian clothes were more readily acceptable by families in the missions than Sisters wearing habits. The Fathers' suggestions resulted in the founding of an Order of women who are nuns in every way except for their clothes.

Although hardly known outside Italy, the Order has existed since 1943. Novices are recruited mainly from relatives of the Xaverian monks, and now number 24. These girls, who are called Miss and not

Sister, undergo the same intense novitiate as members of other Religious Orders. Each of them learns a special trade or profession which she can exercise in the foreign mission to which she is assigned. All study nursing during their training period at the Xaverian hospital in Naples, to prepare themselves for arduous and hazardous tasks in the foreign missions.

Most of the Xaverian missions have been moved from China to the backward areas of Brazil and other parts of South America. Hence,



In bed with a cold, Miss Bottego, mother superior of the Xaverian Missionary Ladies, doesn't mind having her picture taken.



these future missionaries, many of whom are from snowcapped mountainous districts, will have to face the heat of the Amazon forests.

Impromptu music sessions are a favorite pastime at recreation periods. All the girls are musical and love singing the traditional folk songs of their native country. Sometimes one of them accompanies on the piano accordion. They are also fond of dramatics, and recently they spent all their free time building a mobile theater in which they present plays for enthusiastic children around the countryside.

Photographer Miss Luisa is also an expert tractor operator, welder, and machine knitter.

Teresa Corti is a doctor. She would like to go to China; however, that is unlikely. She will probably be assigned to South America.



It is the end of a four-year novitiate for six missionaries. Here they take the veil in a solemn religious ceremony.

Father Spagnolo, a Xaverian missionary, hopes there will be more Orders like his founded.



The Communist Healed at Lourdes

*The waters washed away both
his paralysis and his atheism*

IT IS NOT FOR ME to say whether I have been miraculously healed or not. All I know is that I was cured at Lourdes and I believe firmly in God after having rejected Him since childhood. My communist comrades turn their backs to me now, but I have found a new friend, a blind boy named Georges Torelli. I owe it all to him.

I was born May 2, 1913, in Nice. My father was killed in the 1914-1918 war, and I was brought up by the state. I was 14 years old when I went to work at the St. Roch hospital in Nice, where I became an electrician.

Last April the electric wiring of St. Roch had to be modernized. It used to be a monastery, and the walls are thick and hard. I was on top of my ladder knocking holes in them on April 18 when I suddenly felt dizzy.

I had never suffered any serious illness before. I had just time to get down the ladder before I be-



came unconscious. I was taken first to the dispensary, then to the Pasteur hospital at Nice.

The next morning I couldn't move my right arm or right leg. I was moved to the ward of Dr. Jean Duplay, the nerve surgeon there,

Until a short time ago, Louis Olivari was an atheist, a communist, and a paralytic. His family and friends in Nice, France, induced him to go to Lourdes. Today, his paralysis gone, he is being persecuted by his former comrades because he now believes in God. This is Olivari's own story of his amazing experience.

*63 Vesey St., New York City 7. Nov. 11, 1956. © 1956, by the Hearst Publishing Co., Inc., and reprinted with permission.

who diagnosed a hemiplegia (paralysis of one side of the body) precipitated by the rupture of a brain artery.

After a month's treatment I still couldn't use my arm or leg. I was sent by ambulance to the St. Roch hospital, where a Mr. Gausseroy and Miss Fernande Leroi began massage treatments and functional re-education of the limbs. On June 15, I left the hospital, but I could drag my right leg only with great difficulty and my arm was still paralyzed. They could do no more for me.

Dr. Michael Salvadori, my family doctor for ten years, and the hospital doctors gave me very little hope for any ability to work for a very long time, if ever. I was discouraged and worried, as I have three children and my wife to support. Jean-Louis is six; Josiane, nine; Joseph, ten.

My eldest son, by my first marriage, is 22; he had just been recalled to fight in Algeria after serving three years in Indo-China as a volunteer parachutist. My wife and I and the younger children live in two rooms and a kitchen on the 5th floor of a house in the old part of Nice.

In my leisure hours, I did the work of treasurer for the St. Roch communist cell.

"I'm done for!" I said one day to Canon Testoris, chaplain at St. Roch hospital. "I'll never be able to work again."

"Why don't you go to Lourdes?" he asked.

I just shrugged my shoulders and said, "That would be the limit. Imagine me, believing in nothing, getting mixed up in that comedy."

That evening my wife came to see me. I was staying with my sister and brother-in-law, Joseph Garnerio, in Villefrance, because I could not climb up the stairs to my own apartment. I told her about the canon's suggestion and, to my surprise, she agreed that it was a good one. I thought to myself, "They are all nuts."

Nevertheless, the idea took hold of me, and I began to think that I had nothing to lose—though my pals would jeer at me. I spoke to some of them about it, and they, too, said, "Go—it can't do any harm."

My brother-in-law drove me to see Dr. Strobino, a Nice practitioner and member of the Lourdes Medical commission, to ask his advice. He told me that to be admitted to the pilgrimage a patient must be considered by the medical corps to be incurable or difficult to be cured. He examined me and made out my record.

I learned later from the general secretary of St. Roch that his document referred to me as incurable. Since it was said that I might be cured at Lourdes, to Lourdes I'd go. But I firmly decided not to take the baths or do any praying.

On July 1, Jean-Louis Cardon, a Nice municipal councillor and vol-

untary stretcher-bearer for 19 years at Lourdes, came to drive me to the station. In all, we were 85 patients escorted by Cardon, Dr. Strobino, and several Religious nurses.

We arrived in Lourdes at 6:30 the next morning. I was hungry. But the nuns and stretcher-bearers said that everybody must go to the Hospital of the Seven Sorrows, where we were to stay, and then to the esplanade, and Mass.

Several thousand pilgrims were in front of the basilica, some on stretchers, others on benches, and all praying aloud, imploring cures. I wasn't very much at ease in all this but I saw two little boys sitting on a bench, and decided I would be happier with them. They reminded me of my own children. I sat between them, and started chanting.

On my left was Georges Delprano, ten years old, asthmatic from birth. On my right was Georges Torelli, also ten, blind from birth and a beautiful child. He told me he had been to Lourdes with his mother for nine consecutive years, that the doctors thought he had a tumor on the brain, but that after an operation he still did not see. He was sure that one day the Virgin would cure him.

I stayed with the two children for Mass, and only then did we get breakfast at the Seven Sorrows hospital. The boys and I found chairs, and they held their bowls of coffee and bread in their hands. Since I could use only one hand, I had to

hold the bowl between my knees.

I was eating so badly that Georges Delprano teased me a bit, and we all laughed about it, for we had become great friends. After breakfast, Torelli's mother came to take him, and I went with Delprano to the grotto, where he lit six candles.

I thought it might do good to Torelli and my mother, both believers, and I lit two candles for them. Before leaving the grotto, I saw Delprano kissing the stone near the source of the famous spring, and I did the same although I still did not believe.

All that afternoon I refused to have a bath in the famous piscina or to go to Mass. But the next afternoon I was sitting on the esplanade with Delprano and a man from Brittany when Miss Zanatta, a nurse from Nice, saw me. She said, "What are you doing there? Why aren't you having a bath?"

She held me firmly by the left arm, and with the help of a stretcher-bearer took me to the piscina in spite of my protests. There I was undressed by two stretcher-bearers, who said a prayer that I had to repeat after them.

It was then that I heard little Georges Torelli praying in a loud voice in the next cabin. It completely upset me. It would take a heart of stone not to believe in God, hearing that. I had a sort of veil in front of my eyes, and as they helped me down the three steps into the bath, I cried out, "If You exist,

please, God, cure this boy, who deserves it more than I! Let him see the sun!"

When the man plunged me into the water, I saw a kind of great white and silver cloud, my whole body stiffened, and I felt a terrible shock. I learned later that I wasn't in the water a minute. I got out alone, and walked up the three steps as in a dream. My body was mottled from head to foot. I felt so queer that I passed my hand over my eyes and head.

I heard the little Delprano boy scream, "Mr. Olivari is using his right arm!"

It was only then that I realized I could move normally. My cane was on the floor. I lifted right over my head the chair I had sat on before the bath, and held it for a minute with my right arm. I dressed myself. The stretcher-bearers took me to the Medical Inquiry bureau, where I was examined by several doctors for better than an hour. I was cured.

The news spread like lightning, and I was questioned on all sides. I went to the basilica to Confession and to receive Communion, which

I had not done since childhood. I believed in God.

The next day, with the chaplain from Nîmes, I gave Georges Torelli (I now call him by his pet name, Jojo) a bath in the piscina. He celebrated his First Communion in Lourdes, and I was his sponsor. He was overjoyed about my cure. I pray that God will cure him soon.

We left Lourdes on July 7. Two days later I returned to work at the St. Roch hospital, where my communist fellow workers turned their backs on me, refused to eat with me, mocked me, and treated me as a hoaxer and false brother.

At length, I couldn't stand it any more. I asked to be transferred to the electrical workshop at the Pasteur hospital. I arrived there on Aug. 18. But the word had been passed on, and the Pasteur communists gave me the same treatment. I am waiting now for transfer to the Hôpital de la Charité, when a place is open. There are no communists there.

It is not I who have refused to remain friends with my fellow workers. It is not my fault that I now believe in God.

...NEXT QUESTION?

The bright pupil looked long and thoughtfully at the second examination question, which read: "State the number of tons of coal shipped out of the United States in any given year."

Then his brow cleared and he wrote: "1492—none." *Long Lines* (Nov. '56).

By John L. Springer
Condensed from "Parade"*

What Makes a Happy Family?

As Abe Lincoln said, 'Most folks are as happy as they make up their minds to be'

HAPPY FAMILIES are the sinews of a happy nation, the real measure of progress.

But what makes a happy family? Research at leading U. S. universities has probed this question from dozens of scientific angles. Now here for the first time are brought together the important new facts thus uncovered. Using these findings, you can determine the degree of your own family's happiness, and learn concrete ways to improve relations within your own family circle.

Families, like individuals, have distinct personalities. Some families are relaxed, easygoing. Others are tense, uneasy, bickering. But the average family is happy. After studying hundreds of families, social scientists at the University of Pennsylvania rate 71.4%, more than two out of three, as happy, and another 15% as medium happy. Only 13.6% could be considered consistently unhappy.

Researchers in the nation-wide study investigated thousands of actual family case histories. Their findings make up the following com-



posite portrait of a happy family.

1. All the members know how to "give and take." Dr. Luther T. Jansen, of the University of Washington, asked 284 persons in Seattle: "Do members of your family sacrifice their individual interests and desires for the good of the family as a whole?" When parents and children would make any sacrifice, the family ran smoothly. When greed or selfishness prevailed, there was constant tension.

Sociologists at Harvard came to the same conclusion by a different route. They found that in the hap-

*285 Madison Ave., New York City 17. Nov. 4, 1956. © 1956 by Parade Publications, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

piest families all members tried to follow the Golden Rule.

2. The husband is like his father-in-law and the wife is like her mother-in-law. Dr. Alver Hilding Jacobson, of Ohio State university, found that when a woman marries she usually has a pretty clear idea of what a husband should be, based mostly on how her own father acted. Likewise, a man seeking a wife often sees her as an image of his mother. Psychologists say that this parallel often is not a conscious one but lies buried deep in the subconscious mind.

3. The happy family runs on rules. In one home, children must be in bed by 9 every night. Neighbors put their youngsters to bed at 8:30 one night, 11 the next. In the first home, the children obey the rule without question because they know exactly what it is. In the second, because the youngsters struggle to stay up until 11 every night, bedtime is a nerve-racking time.

Studies prove that for the sake of happy families, father, mother, and children must know what they can do without offending others, and more important, all must know what they cannot do.

4. Parents have "good" interests in common. Says Prof. Purnell Benson, of Temple university, "We find that well-adjusted married persons more often have the following mutual interests: home, children, romantic love, and religion. Interests which are more prevalent among

poorly adjusted couples include: fame or success, drinking, money, travel, commercial entertainment, and companionship to avoid loneliness."

Friends of a certain family were shocked when the mother suddenly flew to Reno for a divorce. She and her husband had been seen everywhere together. At parties, theaters, sporting events, they seemed like the perfect couple. Unfortunately, they ran around so much that they never sank deep roots. When a serious crisis struck, the marriage crumbled.

5. Father and mother share responsibility equally. In many happy families, the father may play the dominant role and be the accepted "boss" where major decisions are concerned. However, he does not make them alone. Indeed, in certain areas, he wisely defers to the authority of his spouse, as, for example, where her more intimate knowledge of children and household is concerned. Where the wife "wears the pants," the quotient of family happiness is generally found to be low—but this is true also where the father is tyrannical and dictatorial in his decisions.

Several studies have established the fact that low incomes, in themselves, are not contributory to family unhappiness. Broken homes occur in the millionaire set, perfect homes among the poorest classes. But, psychologists find, frictions may break out over money when one or more

members try to spend more than the family income warrants. A typical example is the wife who tries to "keep up with the Joneses."

In many cases, you can judge a family's happiness by its friends. The old saying, "Birds of a feather flock together," applies to families as well as to individuals.

Are most of the families with whom yours is friendly close-knit, contented, untouched by threats of divorce? Are they churchgoers, interested in their children? If so, chances are that your family will be about the same.

Here are some more pointers that social scientists have disclosed about family happiness.

When a mother works full time, she usually can't devote enough attention to her family. Family life suffers. But (here's an eye opener) families where all the children are teen-agers or older generally are happier if mother has a part-time job.

Prof. Ivan Nye, of Bucknell university, studied 1,472 high-school students in Michigan. He reported, "Families in which mothers are employed part time (from one to 32 hours a week) show, on the average, better adjustment between adolescents and parents than families where the mother works full time or not at all.

"Working full time, however, is probably associated with neglect of the home, and perhaps in some cases with hostility toward other family members. Statistics seem to

indicate that it is equally bad for mothers to have too little or too much to do."

A family's genealogical background is no yardstick of its happiness. Some people pride themselves on the fact that their ancestors came over on the *Mayflower* or were pioneer settlers in their communities. Psychologists have tried to determine what effect, if any, these "high-class" backgrounds exert on family happiness. The answer: no effect, although, as always, exceptional cases crop up in which entire relationships are based on these flimsy values. Unless these relationships have firmer and more serious bonds, they don't last long.

The mistakes your parents made, however, mean more than their emphasis on ancestry. If they were divorced, the going will often be rougher for their children in their own marriages. One divorced couple in a Chicago suburb had five children, who grew up, got married and, so far, have had 14 divorces of their own. Psychologists also find a stubborn reversal in children of divorced parents. They try harder to iron out their problems.

Social scientists at the University of Pennsylvania found that age plays a big part in parents' happiness; and how they feel is passed on to the children. Many mothers have unhappy periods in their 40's and 50's. Some hate to let go as their children grow up and become independent. Some fathers pass

CHECK YOUR FAMILY-HAPPINESS RATING

Here's a quiz that enables you to rate your family's happiness. Answer all questions as truthfully as possible, writing Yes or No after each question. Then check your score with the ratings at the end.

1. Did father and mother make a joint decision the last time your family bought a car or other expensive equipment?

2. Do all family members usually give in cheerfully when the majority decides on a TV program?

3. Do the youngsters know generally, without asking which regular TV programs they may or may not watch, and which magazines they may read?

4. Does dad help occasionally with the family marketing and the care and disciplining of the children?

5. Do the youngsters do as much or more work around the house than the average youngster in your neighborhood?

6. Do all family members attend church regularly?

7. Is mother, dad, or both, a member of the local PTA or other similar community-welfare group?

8. Does dad spend at least half of his leisure time with the family?

9. Can you say that mother is *not* the undisputed boss in your family?

10. Are all in your family reasonably satisfied with your living conditions; or, if not, do all agree what should be done to change them?

11. When with outsiders, can you laugh off personality characteristics or bad habits of other members of your family?

12. On the whole, is your family as happy as the average family you know?

If you answer Yes to all 12 questions, yours is the rarity: the almost perfect family. Seven or more Yes's mean that your household is fairly typical, and that you're happy more often than not. Six or fewer Yes's indicate that you should take steps to prevent further disruption of your home life. Regardless of your score, you can add to your family's happiness substantially by working to change every No answer to Yes.

through a crisis period in their 50's. At this age, men who have failed at their jobs may turn against their wives.

Stay married for ten years, and you stand a good chance of being married for life. National Desertion

bureau records show that in 68% of its cases, fathers who desert their families have been married fewer than ten years. Two primary reasons given for desertions were infidelity and excessive drinking.

Happiness is contagious. Seldom

is one member of a family happy if the other members are miserable. Harvard investigators found that, starting at the nursery-school level, the happiest children came from homes where parents and other family members were happy together. The same pattern was repeated when persons of all ages were studied.

New research confirms this fact: relatives and friends may think that your life is plagued with bad luck and illness and that your future looks black and hopeless, but if *you* think that you're happy, your-

self, that, after all, is what matters.

In one family studied, the father has been bedridden for years. The mother suffers from arthritis, and can hardly move about. Their sole support, a daughter, works long hours for low pay. Yet all three are buoyantly happy, more contented than some families with all life's luxuries.

Thus scientists have reaffirmed an idea long believed by many persons and probably best summed up by Abraham Lincoln. "Most folks," he once said simply, "are as happy as they make up their minds to be."



IN OUR HOUSE

One evening while "hearing" our first-grader's religion homework, I came to the question: "Which are the chief sources of sin?" Clearly and confidently he replied, "Pride, covetousness, lust, anger, bluttony—"

"You mean 'gluttony,'" I cut in. "You have done a fine job of memorizing your catechism, but are you sure you know what all those big words mean? Let's take 'pride,' for instance. Do you know what that is?"

"Sure," he answered without a moment's hesitation. "That's the stuff you rub on the furniture to make it shine!"

Mrs. William F. Kiniry.



My small son and daughter, aged three and four years, respectively, were just awakening from their afternoon naps, when an old friend who had not seen them since babyhood called.

Tiptoeing into the nursery, she leaned over little Ellen's crib and exclaimed, "Why, isn't she a little darling!" Immediately a small voice from the other crib piped up, "You oughta see me!"

Nellie M. Leonard.

[For similar true stories—amusing, touching, or inspiring—of incidents that occur In Our House, \$10 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts submitted for this department cannot be acknowledged nor returned.]

By Kathryn McFaun
As told to George Riemer
Condensed from "Coronet"*

Death Saw the Stop Sign

A lady runs interference for a galloping truck

MY HUSBAND JOHN and I breed show horses. We'd had four at a showing in Connecticut and were on our way home to Ipswich, Mass. To beat the traffic, we'd left the show early one Sunday morning last July. John was ahead of me, driving the five-ton horse van which has sleeping space and a telephone that lets John call Red or Vern back in the trailer. Red, who is 23, is John's assistant, and young Vern is our groom.

For a change, I wasn't riding cooped up in the prison-gray van but was following in a blazing red '55 convertible. I had the top down.

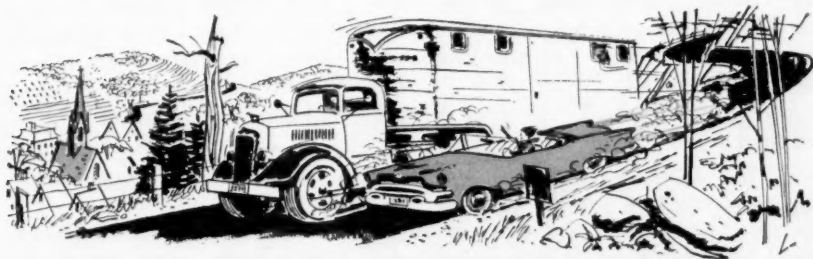
Ahead, John was creeping up the steep, long back of one of those high ridges that hump in the center of Connecticut. When we got to

the top, I let the van gather downhill speed while I looked at my watch. It was 9:30. Traffic would start thickening now with people on their way to and from church.

When I finally started after John, it seemed to me he was going recklessly fast. I noticed some wet, slick spots on the road and an oily, thick smoke streaming out from under the van. I shot ahead to find out what was wrong. When I pulled alongside, I saw John was steering with his right hand and tugging at the emergency brake with his left, his eyes frozen on the road.

"Get out of the way!" he shouted desperately. "My brakes are gone."

As I dropped back, too frightened and confused to do anything else, Red's head poked out the side door



*488 Madison Ave., New York City 22. November, 1956. © 1956 by Esquire, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

of the van. He looked puzzled and scared. I suddenly realized that the wet spots on the road were hydraulic fluid. Since the cab's telephone works on the brakes, poor Red couldn't even find out from John that they were rolling down a mountain utterly helpless.

I knew that John was looking for a field or side road he could turn into. He could have jumped and saved himself, but then the van would crash into trees or down a ravine. The four heavy horses would slide forward from their stalls and slam against Red and Vern.

I pushed my foot hard on the gas pedal and shot the convertible ahead of the van. As I passed the cab I heard John shouting over and over, "Out of the way!"

He didn't mean me. He meant anyone who might be ahead. His horn worked on the same system with the brakes and was out, too.

The hill at this particular point was not terribly steep. I jammed down the horn and kept it down. Along the way there were signs: "No Passing," "Side Road," "Winding Road." I passed a boy on a bike, and in the rear-view mirror saw John swing the van far left.

My first big shock came as I rounded a curve. Half a mile ahead was a stop light; two cars were facing uphill waiting for the light to change. The first car had its directional light blinking. It was going to make a far left turn directly into John's path!

I pushed the convertible down to the intersection fast and tore up a grassy embankment a few yards from the car, waving and begging the driver not to move. He looked at me in amazement, and to my utter horror began to make a distracted, looping left turn, his eyes on me instead of the onrushing van.

He was barely past the center of the road when John hit the intersection. He must have been going over 60, but he swung cleanly around the tail of the car turning left, then skidded back into his own lane.

I didn't wait to see what the two cars did. I backed down the embankment and raced after John.

A quarter mile on I saw a turn in the road. I clung to the van's tail till John started his turn. By cutting across grass and gravel I was able to make a tighter turn inside of John's, and once again nosed to the front.

You'd think that in this crisis my mind would concentrate on getting us safely to the bottom of the hill. But I kept thinking trivial things, like what the horses were doing or what shows were ahead of us or how friends said our 15-year marriage had gotten to be one of "horses and habit." I even felt like laughing when I saw a warning: "Slow Down to 30 Miles an Hour."

But suddenly my mouth went dry. Speed limits mean towns. A second later I saw another sign: "Winsted, Population 10,000."

I remembered Winsted from other trips, a busy, narrow main street running along the Mad river; factories, filling stations, shops. It was Sunday, thank God. They'd be closed. Then I remembered there was a big, stone Catholic church right on the roadway ahead.

I kept looking into the mirror at John, almost hoping to see him crash the van into one of the empty factories we were passing instead of trying to race through a crowded street.

At the entrance to Winsted was a red light marking a junction with two highways. I don't know what my speedometer read, but it must have been over 80.

We ran the red light without mishap.

The street, now quite narrow, was made still narrower by cars parked along the curb. If steering was hard for me, it must have been much worse for John, but he was still coming. I made up my mind that if I saw anyone in the road, pedestrian or car, and a crash looked unavoidable, I would swing into the nearest shop window. I wondered what John would do.

A pedestrian saw us coming, and kept a car from driving into our path. A woman backing out from the curb killed her motor by her sudden stop.

Midway through town we screeched around a corner, and there was the church. A policeman stood on the sidewalk, ready to di-

rect traffic. But the church doors were still closed. Not a soul was in the street.

Just past the church, the street split in two around a large grassy circle protected by a ring of iron pipe and chain. My tires complained loudly when I rounded it. I felt sure that John would choose to plow through the chains, hoping they would stop him. But the instant his tires began to squeal I knew that he was taking the turn, too.

On the east side of Winsted, the Mad river cuts sharply under the highway. The bridge over it is wide enough for two cars, though not wide enough for a truck and a car. Four or five cars were on the other side of the bridge and moving toward us. If John could get past the bridge, he'd be all right because the grade starts climbing then.

I was so intent on getting to the bridge and stopping those cars that I didn't see, until too late, that I was running another red light and crossing a major highway. What made me realize it was a monstrous truck roaring down from the north, the driver blowing his horn and shaking his fist at me. He didn't see John until the very last moment. Then all he could do was lower his head and charge on.

John leaned the van as far as he could to the truck's rear and they missed each other by the breadth of a paint job.

Up ahead, the first car was al-

ready on the bridge, the second about to come onto it. Then I heard a curious screeching sound, and looked into the mirror. John was driving up against the curb. A cloud of dust and bluish smoke from his wheels made it hard to see what was happening, but he was slowing down.

John stopped the van a bare 20 feet from the bridge. He had used the side walls of his tires against the curbing as a brake.

I got to the cab a few steps behind Red. John's face was the color of ashes, and he couldn't talk. When Red finally got his fingers pried loose from the wheel we saw blood dripping from the brake handle. John's other hand was frozen so tightly to the brake that it took Red more than ten minutes to get his bleeding fingers unlocked. I realized for the first time, then, that John had driven the entire way one-handed!

"I'm officer Resha," I heard a

voice say behind me. "Don't try to talk now. Let's have some coffee."

It was good to be standing on the ground. Blood hummed pleasantly through the soles of my feet as I made my way through a broad stream of people into a church. No one seemed to notice me. At the door I heard someone ask, "Was there a wedding? I heard car horns."

In a way, I guess there had been a wedding. I went inside the church to thank God for letting me learn something a lot of women never know for sure until too late: how much I loved my husband.

When I left the church it looked as if everybody in town had collected around the van. I heard Red laughing and saw him mussing Vern's hair. Vern looked confused, and everyone else was grinning.

When Red saw me he called out, "Vern just now woke up. He wants to know if we were arrested for speeding."



CAN'T GET THAT KIND NO MORE

After driving his Model-T for 30 years, Hank decided that it was time to buy a new car. A dealer let Hank try out a demonstrator, and then, after the usual sales talk, pointed out a luxurious four-door sedan.

Dropping his voice to a confidential tone, the dealer indicated that on this particular trade, he could allow Hank \$300 for his old flivver. Hank's jaw dropped. "Yes, that's right—\$300," the dealer insisted. Hank started to walk away, shaking his head and mumbling to himself.

"What's the matter? Isn't \$300 enough?" the dealer called after him. "Gosh," Hank replied, "I had no idea my old car was worth that much. But now I guess it's worth hanging onto for a while."

Charles Ruffing.

The Man the Kremlin Fears

*He's a Russian priest
with an Irish brogue*



AT A RECEPTION for western diplomats in Moscow several months ago, Communist-party Secretary Nikita Khrushchev was asked, "Who in the western world do you consider as most dangerous to your regime?"

For several long seconds Khrushchev hesitated. Then, with real bitterness he began to reel off the names of a score of prominent enemies. At the end of the outburst, while his listeners were still digesting his words, Khrushchev suddenly added the name of one more, a man unknown to his audience.

The man was Andrei Ouroussoff. Hasty investigation the next day by embassy officials produced the information that he was the son of a Tartar prince liquidated by the Reds in the revolution of 1917. He had been smuggled out of Russia, and for a time had dropped out of sight. There were well-founded reports that he had become a priest and had engaged in some mysterious activity during the 2nd World War. He had changed his name from Ouroussoff to Urusov, for

phonetic, not conspiratorial, reasons. He had made newspaper headlines with a sensational rescue of 6,000 Russian refugees from China.

He was waging a global, no-holds-barred battle against the communists via radio, television, and the lecture platform. He was even reported as having addressed a meeting of the top brass in the Pentagon. He had been granted asylum in America and was currently one of the heads of the Institute for Contemporary Russian Studies, better known as the Russian Information center, at Fordham university, in New York City.

Only this last item proved inaccurate. After having helped establish the Russian Information center around the time of the outbreak of the Korean war, Father Urusov had moved on to the West Coast, San Francisco, to set up another outpost of spiritual and ideological resist-

ance to the Kremlin. In all other respects the information was right.

Father Urusov is a tall, slender, dark-bearded man of 42 who speaks at times with a faint Irish brogue (he learned to speak English in Dublin). He has been twice stricken with tuberculosis and once he suffered partial paralysis, the result in each case of tension, poor diet, and overwork. Despite ill health, he has been unrelenting in his struggle to restore the faith to Russia.

His operations have carried him from Latvia to Rome, from Shanghai to the Philippines, from one end of the free world to the other.

The only part of his life, other than his early youth, which is still largely shrouded in secrecy is the period between the beginning and the end of the 2nd World War. He admits that he helped in the rehabilitation of thousands of escapees from behind the Iron Curtain who took advantage of the Reds' preoccupation with the war. How much more he did to assist in their flight is something he insists he cannot reveal for fear of endangering his contacts inside Russia, many of whom are still alive and active. Details of what he did are known to his Jesuit superiors. Someday, he concedes, they may be made public, but only when they may serve a useful end.

The rest of his activities, while never much publicized, are known only too well by the Kremlin. In addition to the personal indictment

of Khrushchev, he has been officially attacked in at least a dozen languages. Only last summer the Soviet *New Times* devoted a good part of five pages to a blistering denunciation of his anti-Red activities.

A realist as well as a visionary, Father Urusov sees nothing surprising nor disturbing in the attacks. "Every effective fighter against communism," he says, "expects to be a target for Red abuse. If they should ever stop attacking me, that is when I'd start to be worried."

Father Urusov was only three when his mother and father were purged by the Bolsheviks. How they met their fate, he doesn't know. They may have died or been shot in some Siberian slave-labor camp. But they were liquidated, that much is certain.

After he was smuggled out of Russia with his younger brother, his life became a series of wanderings all over Europe, from one relative or friend to another. Meanwhile, he grabbed most of his education piecemeal. He pursued his college studies and seminary training in Rome, following his conversion to Catholicism at the age of 21.

During his stay in Rome, Father Urusov paid the penalty for his trouble-marked youth. In the midst of trying to help a small army of refugees, he suffered the first of his two attacks of tuberculosis, and was promptly sent by his superiors to a Jesuit retreat house in Dublin to recover.

The Irish convalescence proved a blessing in more ways than one. In relative peace and quiet, Father Urusov staged a speedy comeback. He also acquired an excellent working knowledge of English, a language he says he felt even then would be vital to his career.

Upon his return to Rome, he resumed his duties at the Collegium Russicum. In 1948, he was assigned to Shanghai to give spiritual care to some 30,000 Russian refugees who had fled the Red terror in their homeland only to find themselves threatened by Chinese Reds under Mao Tse-tung.

Father Urusov took on the job of organizing schools for the children of the refugees, and of bettering housing and living conditions, in some cases even providing food. When it became clear that it was only a matter of time before the Chinese Reds would make their situation as desperate as if they had remained in Russia, Father Urusov began planning their escape. After weeks of feverish secret preparations, a ship steamed out of Shanghai loaded with 6,000 refugees.

They landed on a desolate stretch of the coast of the Philippine island of Samar with only the clothes they had on. Shelters had to be improvised; search parties had to be sent out to forage for food; some system of law, order, and sanitation had to be set up.

As planner, builder, administrator, and manual laborer, Father

Urusov overtaxed his strength. He suffered a second siege of tuberculosis, and had to be transferred to a hospital on a neighboring island. He spent the rest of the year flat on his back, but sick as he was he never once lost hope.

"I felt certain that God had more work for me to do," he says, "and, as it turned out, I was right."

Ordered to the U. S. after he had once again been pronounced fit, he plunged into the job of helping establish the Institute for Contemporary Russian Studies (the now famous Russian Information center) at Fordham.

"Communism is a disease that took hold of a largely God-fearing nation," he declared. "A doctor has to know as much as possible about his patient's general physical condition, his emotional reactions, his psychological background. The same is true of Russia. The mass of misinformation about her is so tremendous that it would be laughable if it were not so tragic. The West must first learn to know the Russian people. They must realize that their struggle against communism is not just economic and political. It is spiritual as well."

During the next four years, Father Urusov conducted a one-man lecture crusade all across the U. S. and Canada. From the fall of 1950 to the winter of 1954 he made more than 800 personal appearances.

His reception at most such gatherings was friendly and enthusias-

tic, but occasionally his short, thick beard, flowing black robes, and tall, Byzantine biretta did arouse suspicion. Driving from the Minneapolis airport one Christmas eve, he noticed the other passengers in the bus eyeing him nervously. Finally, one of them summoned up enough courage to ask the priest if he were French. Father Urusov was too tired to do more than shake his head and mutter "Russian" in reply. "From that point on," he recalls, "the atmosphere of distrust became so thick you could have cut it with a knife. Most of the passengers must have been aware that the Reds had penetrated the Russian Orthodox Church. I suppose they thought that I was some sort of Soviet spy."

One of the most difficult lectures he ever gave was the one he delivered before a top-level gathering of the army, navy, marine, and air-force brass in the Pentagon. The theme of his talk was the psychological nature of the conflict with communism and the measures that should be taken to defeat it. During his address, general-staff and intelligence officers hung on his every word, making notes as he went along. When it was finished, the barrage of questions that were flung at him kept him on the lecture platform for hours.

In 1954, with the Russian Information center at Fordham solidly established, Father Urusov was sent to San Francisco to open another outpost of spiritual and psycholog-

ical resistance to the Kremlin. With the help of a handful of volunteers, Father Urusov began the formidable job of remodeling an old three-story house to meet his needs. Eighteen rooms had to be made over to accommodate conference quarters; a research library with a remarkably complete file of current Soviet literature; an office; living and eating facilities for guests and students; and a Byzantine pewless chapel.

As on the two previous occasions when he extended himself beyond his strength, Father Urusov suffered the physical consequences. In the midst of the job of remodeling, he was stricken with a partial paralysis of one side of his body and had to remain in his room for 45 days.

Today, with the center opened and ready to begin operations, Father Urusov still maintains a 16-hour daily schedule. He sees his future job not as a cloak-and-dagger assignment but as one of preparing a "spiritual task force" for his countrymen now on free soil who hope to go back one day to Russia. The work of this cadre will be to answer godless propaganda with the message of the faith.

"If Comrade Khrushchey was quoted correctly," he says, "it gives me added reason to believe we're on the right track. If the Kremlin fears competition from a lone clergyman, think of the impact to be made by a thousand, or ten thousand, or a hundred thousand people imbued with the same purpose."

How to Handle an Alcoholic

Start with the fact that alcohol is a drug

I HAVE SOME definite convictions about drinking. They have been formed by the cases that come to my office. Let me say first that a person makes himself an alcoholic by drifting into heavy drinking, socially or privately. Some persons may tolerate heavy drinking well; others may be affected by small amounts. Many think that they can control heavy drinking; some even seem to.

But since alcohol is a drug, sooner or later a tolerance may develop, so that the intake has to be increased to get the desired effect, and addiction results. After that happens, even small amounts usually accepted as normal and harmless are dangerous.

The problem as it comes to my office is usually one of handling bad drinking habits already formed by the person himself or by someone he loves. To understand the problem, I want the patient's answers to some simple questions.

1. Does he drink between meals? If so, I urge him always to associate drinking with eating solid food. The person who drinks only when

he eats, and eats well, will not run the danger of malnutrition and possible cirrhosis of the liver.

2. Does he drink because he feels physically tired? A man who has been wrestling with problems all day, a woman who has been coping with housework and children may need some kind of a "lift." It should not be a drink. Chocolate bars are a quick source of energy; so is corn syrup.

3. Is there a special cause for tiredness? Often what happens when one gets home is more tiring than what happened on the job. One patient, a very successful businessman, reported that he could manage his business, but not his wife. When a man comes home, a warm, friendly, casual atmosphere will do wonders. A disorganized home, a nervous wife, problems presented at the wrong time can trigger a man's drinking.

4. Is more time spent on cocktails than on any dinner course? When cocktails go on too long, the thought of food becomes unwelcome. The person who says, after a few drinks, "I'm not really hungry," is making

a perilous substitution of alcohol for food.

5. Are meals eaten on time? Delays are sometimes unavoidable, but a basic routine for meals is important. The husband who is casual about getting home, the wife who shops late, and so delays the preparation of the meal, may unknowingly lead the marriage partner into a drinking habit. "I might as well have a drink while I'm waiting," is a common excuse.

6. Is the drinker undernourished? In our land of plenty, few people think this very likely, but it is a possibility. Some lack in diet may be affecting eating habits, and here we have a vicious circle, for those who freely use alcohol generally have a resulting deficiency of B vitamins. This may show itself in sudden fatigue, nervousness, irritability, even pain in the legs. Drink may be robbing the drinker of his desire for food by attacking the appetite center of the brain.

7. Finally, I want the patient to answer this question: "When I take a drink, why?" If he drinks because it is New Year's eve or he is at a convention or it is an anniversary, it may not be permanently harmful. If he takes it from nervousness or worry or to forget something, it is. The reason for the drinking is the important thing.

It is no use trying to frighten the drinker or remind him of responsibilities he isn't meeting. He already knows he isn't. Perhaps he can't,

which is one reason he drinks. If you try to scare him by telling him he'll lose his job or his wife or develop cirrhosis, he will drink more. If he anticipates nagging, he will fortify himself with alcohol. He needs reassurance, and you get nowhere by further undermining his confidence, or making things so disagreeable that he will be uncomfortable about returning to his own home.

The person close to the drinker should not be unduly exasperated by conduct that seems unreasonable. To the alcoholic, small things loom very big; even shaving becomes too hard for a man, and picking up around the house may seem to a woman almost more than she can do. The weariness is real. Such behavior must be accepted as a symptom that will disappear when drinking stops.

Alcoholics Anonymous speaks of being "ready for help." Some people will turn to it of their own accord. Others have found that they can't help themselves, and here timing is all-important. In many situations, a drinker's wife can, at exactly the right moment, find help for him. When he can no longer get to work, when he is saturated, he is, without knowing it, hoping that somebody will do something. At this point a wife can take him to the hospital, turn to a private physician (first making sure that he is truly interested in the case), or to AA. The patient can be sobered up under conditions of dignity with fairly

simple medication (either in hospital or at home) by a private physician.

However, the desire for help is not always a conscious one; the drinker may even want to die. Drinking is no longer a pleasure. The alcoholic often says, "I hate the stuff." He now is drinking from compulsion, and deep down he will welcome being freed of his dependence on alcohol.

The person who stops drinking is sometimes described as having "hit bottom." His stopping results from shock or some moment of deep realization—perhaps from having smashed up a car when drunk, being fired, having a son or daughter turn against him, or from seeing another go to pieces from alcohol.

AA has contributed greatly to our understanding of drinking. It has succeeded with individuals where many other agencies have failed. It provides association with persons who have struggled through the same experiences. It gives the member access at any time to someone who will stand by him. It provides companionship more real than the drinker can find at a bar.

I find in many drinkers certain personality traits that have resulted directly from the kind of guidance they received in childhood. Here are a few suggestions which I think may help prevent your child from ever becoming an alcoholic.

1. Give your child real standards. The man or woman who drinks for

social courage may be attaching a false importance to social status.

2. Help him to belong. Back him up, encourage him to bring his friends home, stand by. In a country where children of so many different backgrounds go to school together and where so many families move into new neighborhoods, a sense of belonging or not belonging becomes very important. "I began drinking to be one of the boys," one patient told me. "I was an outsider until I went to a bar."

3. Help him to face realities and to accept with calmness what he cannot change. Point out to him how others came to terms with unfavorable conditions: Roosevelt with polio, Eisenhower with a heart attack.

4. Let him live realistically within the family. He does not need to know exactly how much dad makes, but he could be in on family conferences about money.

5. Be sure he does something well enough to have a sense of achievement. Encourage him to develop interests he will enjoy in later life. Accomplishments should be directed not merely toward social prominence or making money. "I think my husband started drinking when he gave up his workshop," one wife remarked. "He used to work in it evenings. After we hadn't room for his tools any longer, he started going out nights."

6. Bring up the child to take part in community activities, from Cub

Scout days on. The sense of being needed, doing something you believe in, is steadying. AA builds on this fact when it gives an old member sponsorship of a new.

7. Bring up the youngster to be helpful, not only to cooperate around the home, but to give a hand to an older person or a less fortunate schoolmate.

8. Give him responsibilities. But make sure they're suited to his age and capabilities. Many an adult drinks because he has taken on responsibilities too big for his shoulders.

9. Help the child to look for a vocation within his physical and mental abilities. The kind of work he does should suit *him*, not merely meet the demands of parents. Adults often drink because they are in jobs for which they are unsuited, sometimes because they are pushed into a family occupation under the shadow of a more successful brother, sister or parent.

10. Let him live in an atmosphere of decision in which he hears choices made between right and wrong. Help him to realize, however, that no one is perfect and that even decent people make mistakes. Such knowledge may keep him, later, from drinking through remorse.

11. Let him see, by example, how people can be different, yet get along happily together. Personality conflicts are bound to occur, but they should be kept to a minimum

in the presence of a growing child. One of the problems that appears frequently among drinkers is inability to get along with others.

12. Bring up your child to believe in God. The child who is taught to pray, not for material things, but for courage and strength, has a source of stability and of peace available to him all his life.

The best teaching is by example. For good or bad, what parents do sticks in the mind of a child. If a boy hears his father say, "I can't take anything to drink because I'm going to drive the car," he accepts this as the way to act when he is old enough to drive. If he sees his father make for a bottle when he is tired or worried, the child absorbs the idea that in a pinch, drinking is the thing to turn to.

We do not have child alcoholics, as France does, but the heavy drinker is now being found in a much younger set than formerly. Fifteen or 20 years ago the men and women who came into Alcoholics Anonymous were from 35 to 55, with most from the older age group. Now AA has a good many applicants among people in their 20's.

Heavy drinking has been a problem from the earliest days of history. I do not pretend to have a sure-fire solution to it. But we are working toward one—if alcohol is accepted as a drug, if we come to an understanding of how compulsive drinking develops, and if we learn the truth about prevention.

Why Do You Laugh?

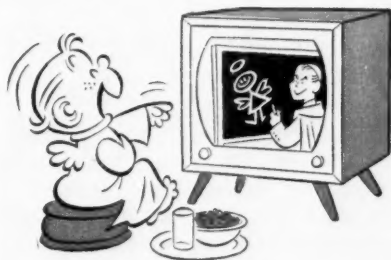
Because you have a soul

THE WONDERFUL MADNESS called laughter is found only in man. Nothing in lower creation produces anything resembling a laugh. Valleys do not smile, and horses do not laugh. Man "breaks" out into a laugh, for it is a positive break with everything below him in creation; it is a break with the past, it is a break with matter, it is the beginning of the spirit. Man is the only joker in the deck of nature.

Laughter is exclusively human for three reasons, but all are forms of one basic reason: he has a soul. In virtue of his spirit, man: 1. perceives meanings; 2. is capable of introspection; 3. is capable of many incongruities.

1. *Perception of meanings.* Laughter, from a philosophical point of view, may be explained as the effect of the unexpected placing together of two ideas. First, it must be unexpected. That is why we ask before starting a story, "Have you heard this before?"

Then there must be the two ideas. A pun is a confrontation of two meanings at one and the same



time. One is the real meaning; the other is the departure from that meaning. Take, for example, the story of a visitor who asked a little girl, "What will you do when you get as big as your mother?" "Diet," answered the child.

Suppose a canary were in the room at the same time; it would hear exactly the same sounds. Why is it that the canary would not smile, but the visitor would? It is because the visitor would perceive meaning, something more than the mere sound of words. The visitor would see a double meaning in the word *big*, namely, the "age" meaning, which was the meaning intended, and the "size" meaning, which was the unintended meaning. If the mind is filled only with matter, namely, the auditory sensation of *big*, it cannot see the word *big* in the other sense that produces laughter. The pun in "Many a blonde dyes by her own

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hand" again involves an unexpected placing together of two words that sound alike but have entirely different meanings. No animal understands meanings; therefore no animal laughs.

2. *Man alone is capable of introspection.* We can bend back upon ourselves, look at ourselves as in a mirror, be pleased or angry with ourselves, see ourselves as others see us; nothing material can do that. Because we are spiritual as well as material, we can see ourselves as others see us. We can at the same time guess what is going on in the mind of another, thus making room for another kind of laughter.

It takes considerable humility to laugh at our own foibles; only the saints ever reach a point where they enjoy being the subject of laughter. People today generally take themselves too seriously, because they rarely judge themselves by any other standard than the one of their own making. They judge their todays by yesterdays and not by an eternal standard. The earth is understood best by looking at the heavens, the sea is enjoyed best from the shore; so does this life offer light moments when seen from the viewpoint of eternity.

As the world loses its belief in the spiritual, it also loses an area of humor. The bigger the universe, the deeper the dimension of humor. A decline of belief in immortality and a future life makes this world much

more serious. Certain details of life are subject to satire only in the light of a higher value. The decline of satire both in the theater and in literature is due to a too great immersion in the material. Our blessed Lord satirized the man who filled his barns because that night his soul was to be required of him. It takes a belief in another world to make this world ridiculous and incongruous.

3. *Incongruity between the higher and the lower values.* The third reason why laughter is possible is that we belong to two worlds: we have a body and a soul; we have our feet on earth, but our dreams in the sky. We belong to a world of facts and a world of values; a world of matter and a world of spirit; a world of time and a world of eternity. A purely material world would not be funny, any more than stones are funny.

If there is no philosophy of life, no sense of values, there can be a clash of boredoms, but never humor or comedy. But since we belong to two worlds, we can judge one in the face of the other. Hence, there can be incongruity. Laughter is often the result of de-gradation or a decline or a falling off of higher values.

The only thing about which you can make jokes is a serious subject. The reason there are so many jokes about marriage is that it is a serious subject. Why is it, for example, that when we see a tree fall, or a chimney

I was with Him, forming all things, and was delighted every day, playing before Him at all times, playing in the world. . . .

Eternal Wisdom in *Proverbs*
8:30-31.

fall, or a plate fall we do not laugh? Because this is not in relationship to any higher value. Suppose we see a very dignified man falling on the ice; this is laughable, not just because of the contrast of his assumed dignity and the indignity to which he is now exposed; there is actually a spiritual and moral judgment brought to bear, namely, that he ought to fall to humble his pride.

Monkeys are funny, not just because they are monkeys, but because, without understanding it, they often give some sort of imitation of man. There is a de-gradation of values in the antics of the monkey. Parrots, in like manner, are capable of giving amusement because they say words which have meaning and yet they do not understand the meaning.

A dog who belongs to a friend of mine was one day stopped by a drunk in the street. Because the drunk was reeling, the dog sensed that the actions were rather abnormal for a human being; so the dog turned his head and looked up—half backing away from the inebriate. The alcoholic, justifying himself, said, "It's all right, buddy, I know I'm drunk."

Sheer imitation without establishing a contrast through exaggeration or debasement would not be funny. Nobody laughs at a man on the street with his hat cocked on the side of his head, but everyone would laugh at a bishop in church whose miter was on crooked. Here there is a descent of the spiritual into the material, and the incongruity produces laughter.

Dogs walking up and down the street never create laughter, but let a dog walk down the aisle of a church, and everyone giggles. There is nothing funny about seeing a man running at a track meet, but there is something funny about seeing a man run after a silk hat. There is nothing amusing about trying to see a man get fish out of a pond, but there can be something laughable about seeing a man trying to get a piece of cork out of a glass. Jokes about clergymen are numerous because clergymen are supposed to be dignified and scholarly.

Why is it that communism can never make any jokes about itself? Because it denies a higher set of values, namely, the spirit by which the material might be judged. Materialism is a very serious business; it is possible for us in democracies to laugh at communism, simply because we have other values than the material and the economic.

Man laughs because he has a soul. Hence, the more spiritual a person is, the more enjoyment there is in life. In this sense, humor is

closely related to faith; it bids us not to take anything too seriously. There is an anticipation of heaven in pure fun, because in heaven, we will have attained our purpose and thus can enjoy a kind of purposeless living.

Sheer nonsense has no purpose except pure enjoyment. It is like the fugues of Bach, which, it seems, could go on forever; or the purposeless joy of looking at clouds in the

skies; or the purposeless play of children, such as throwing stones in a pond. It is like contemplation, which the greatest philosopher who ever lived compared to play, because it gave pleasure, and because it had no other purpose than itself. The joy of children's play is the key to eternal laughter; that is why our Lord said that we could not enter heaven unless we became like little children.

HEARTS ARE TRUMPS

During the Depression I was desperately trying to keep my job as playground supervisor. My chances were not being helped by a certain troublesome trio: two boys, 12 and 14 (one with a police record), and a teen-age girl.

These three had enough unwholesome influence on the other kids to disrupt my entire program. I tried throwing them out of the group for a while, but they always came back, and were soon up to new tricks. I worried constantly that some day they would dream up some stunt that would get me fired. I wasn't much older than the kids themselves, but I sensed that something was driving them to draw attention to themselves. Probing, I found that they were badly neglected: the products of unsettled homes.

I summoned the culprits and frankly explained my position. I told them their nonsense could hurt me, even cost me my job. I took them into my confidence, explained my plans, delegated authority to them, and fervently hoped for the best. They reformed, and I congratulated myself on my astuteness. Then one day I caught them circulating sheets of paper and whispering to little groups of kids. Worse, I couldn't find out what was going on.

Then my chief appeared, a bunch of papers in his hand, and called me into his office. "What," he demanded, "do you know about this?"

"About what?" I asked, truly puzzled and alarmed.

His face relaxed. "I guess you *don't* know anything about it. Well, it's a petition, signed by parents of the neighborhood, asking that you be kept on. We were thinking of letting you go, not that there's anything wrong with your work, but our budget has been cut. However," he smiled, "in the face of this appeal by the taxpayers . . ."

I don't know where those kids are today, but I'll always remember them for proving that kindness and trust can work wonders.

J. W. O'Rourke.

[For original accounts, 200 to 300 words long, of true cases where unseeking kindness was rewarded, \$25 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts cannot be acknowledged nor returned.]

By Keith Gordon Irwin
Condensed from
*"The Romance of Writing"**



The letters of our alphabet began as pictures

BEFORE THE ALPHABET was invented, writing was a complicated business. The Egyptians actually drew picture stories of what they wanted to say. Each simple word had a picture, and long words were made up much as we play charades. If we used Egyptian hieroglyphics today, we would write *attenuate* with a picture of a watch set for ten o'clock and a picture of someone eating—"at ten, you ate." This would be fun, but very clumsy.

It was in Chaldea that men first developed the idea of syllables as distinct from words. The Chaldeans punched little wedge-shaped marks on clay tablets, with different patterns for about 300 simple syllables, *ma, mi, mu, fa, fi, cha*, and so on. Chaldean cuneiform was a big improvement on the Egyptian method.

Then came the alphabet. It started about the year 1300 B.C. at Gebal, a seaport at the base of the Lebanon mountains on the eastern shore of the Mediterranean. All who lived in the scattered seaport

cities at the base of the Lebanons spoke a common language: Phoenician, we call it today. Their neighbors beyond the mountains were the Hebrews, Moabites, and Syrians. Their speech was, perhaps, as much like Phoenician as Scotch is like English or Danish is like Norwegian.

In all of them the words were made of gruff, guttural sounds mixed with sharp and explosive ones. These sounds were for consonants. The vowels, made with an open mouth, scarcely got a chance, and were considered quite unimportant. So each and every word was to them but a particular combination of consonant sounds. Thus, in Phoenician *n'n* was the sound combination for *nun* (fish), *m'm* was for *mem* (waters); and neither the *n'n* nor the *m'm* was used for anything else. And *g'm'l* meant *gamal* (camel), *m'l'k* was *melek* (royal), *l'm'd* was *lamed* (rod), and so on. This method seems strange to us, for we want both the consonants

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and the vowels. (Here, for example, are three English phrases in the Phoenician style. The first word is *America*: mrc fr m. Gntlmn prfr blnds. Hr cms th bnd.)

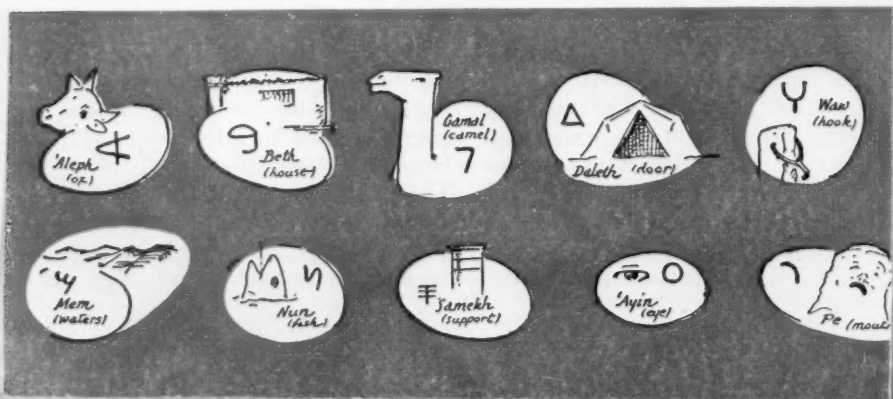
Around the year 1300 B.C. a modified picture-charade arrangement was worked out by the Phoenicians. Who thought of it first we shall never know. But we do know that the plan was used in Gebal 32 centuries ago, that it was fully perfected then. We know, too, that it reached the Hebrews, Moabites, and Syrians a few centuries later.

Here is the way the Phoenician modified picture-charade plan worked. The picture of a fish was to be used not for the word *nun* (fish) but only for the first consonant sound in the word. The whole word would be shown by two fish pictures in a row, one for each *n* sound. Again, a picture of waves was to be used not for the word *mem* (waters) but for the *m* sound only. To write out the full word needed two pictures of waves, just alike. For *gamal* they put down the picture of a camel (for the *g*

sound), then the picture of waves (for the *m* sound), and finally a picture of a rod (for the *l* sound). They spelled the pictures out as *gamal-mem-lamed*, or *camel-waters-rod*, as we would say. (Just the first picture would seemingly have been enough; it showed a camel.)

The details of the Phoenician plan were worked out thoroughly. Each and every consonant sound in the language was first determined. There were 22 of them. Next, an object was selected for each sound. There were 22 such objects, all of them common at that time. Then a simple picture of each object was designed for brush handling on papyrus. It was necessary that the designs be definitely unlike, to avoid confusion. Finally, the names and designs were made into a list for easy memorizing.

The list of letters started off with five objects common about home or highway. Farther on in the series were letters representing such body parts as the hand, hollow of the palm, eye, head, mouth, and molar tooth. There was one showing a



monkey. The rest of the list was made up of pictures of waves, a fish, a fishing pole, a marked bale of goods, a balance, a temple pillar, a spool of yarn, and a rod of authority.

There may be a difference of opinion as to whether the Phoenician letter symbols were adequate as pictures. It is my feeling that a very good job was done. I find myself, however, wondering about the camel's picture. It seems to be just a line for the head and another for the neck; the rest has to be imagined. But perhaps these are the important lines. And the fish is just a head. I would have preferred a tail and fins also, but this might have been too complex. All in all, the results are excellent.

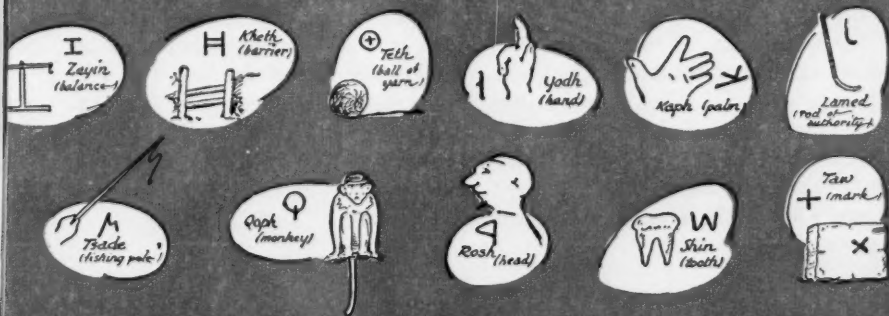
You may have wondered about the use of an apostrophe, as in the name of the ox-head letter. This is for a consonant, starting off the word, that people like ourselves cannot pronounce. The inverted high comma in their letter that pictures an eye is for a gruff consonant that we also cannot use. A few of the other sounds are none too easy, but

the rest of the Phoenician list are for letter sounds that agree with our own. And if we call the Phoenician list the *'aleph-beth*, from their first two letters, it would be but anticipating our name of *alphabet*.

The Greeks picked up alphabet writing from the Phoenicians. This was tremendously important. The Greeks were Europeans, and their European type of language was very different from that of the Phoenicians. Their vowels had a more singing tone; the lips-tongue-teeth sounds of the consonants were more lightly treated. And the vocabularies of the two nations were as unlike as the peoples themselves.

Greek legend has given credit for the alphabet to Kadmus, a Phœnician prince who had come to central Greece in search of a sister who had been kidnaped, and who stayed on to found a city. The legend sounds reasonable.

It is not hard to imagine the kind of sales talk Kadmus might have used with his Greek friends who wanted to learn to write. Putting down in order the 22 Phoenician



letter symbols, he could have pointed out that each had a name. "This is *'aleph*, this *beth*, this *gamal*, and so on. It is the first sound in the name that counts—just the first sound. Words are made from sounds like this, strung together. You put down these marks in the order that the sounds appear in any word. Another person can then look at the marks and tell what the word is. You have made the marks speak for you."

To Kadmus, a Phoenician, all the 22 letter names were easy to pronounce. But to the Greeks gathered about him only half the list was easy, for those letter names began with consonant sounds familiar to the Greeks. A few were fairly difficult; the rest were impossible. Eleven—*beth*, *gamal*, *daleth*, *zayin*, *kaph*, *lamed*, *mem*, *nun*, *pe*, *rosh*, and *taw*—were easy for the Greeks to handle and their consonant sounds have been passed on down through the centuries into our own alphabet.

Five clicking, hissing, and hushing consonants—*teth*, *qoph*, *samekh*, *tsade* and *shin*—were a little more difficult, but the Greeks had a simple solution. They kept the letters, but assigned them to softer Greek sounds.

That left six. Four of the six were unpronounceable. The odd thing about the whole matter was that these four did not give the Greeks any trouble. They could not pronounce the first sound, so they simply left it off. The second sound

was a vowel. They kept that. In this way the Greeks got four vowel-sound letters that were in the Phoenician list as consonants. *'Aleph* (with its unpronounceable first sound) became *alpha*, for the vowel sound of *a*. *He* (with a first sound that the Greek tongue had trouble with) became *e*. To stretch the name out, it was referred to as *epsilon*, which means "merely *e*." *Kheth* (with a bothersome first sound) became *eta*, with about the sound of our long *e*. *'Ayin* (with its impossible initial sound) became *omicron*, meaning "little *o*."

That left two. Those both ended up as vowels, though they had been consonants with the Phoenicians. To us, those same letters are sometimes vowels in the Greek manner, sometimes consonants as with the Phoenicians—because of Roman practice.

Yodh became Greek *iota*, but we pronounce it both ways, the *y* as a consonant or the *i* as a vowel. *Waw* became *upsilon* ("merely *u*"). The Phoenicians started the word with the lips puckered and the mouth almost closed, as in our *w*. The Greeks kept their puckered lips open, giving the sound about that of our *u* in *use*. (The western Greeks could pronounce the *w* as well as the *u*. For the first they put in a special letter symbol that was to develop into our *f*.)

And that was the way we got our vowels—almost by accident. And yet, strangely, how complete.

Kadmus probably never told his Greek friends that *'aleph* meant ox, that *beth* was for house, that *gamal* was camel. And had he done so, they would have paid no attention. They had never even seen a camel. Not realizing that the first letter was a simple picture of an ox head, the Greeks were soon to turn the head with the nose up and to lop off the ears, in making *a*. They thought it looked better that way. The house picture of the second letter was closed at the bottom to

make it into a sort of two-story apartment.

The original sea waves of the Phoenician *mem* were changed from curves to rigid saw teeth. The tooth picture was turned on edge. The Phoenicians wrote from right to left, and when the Greeks changed direction, many of the letters changed direction, too. And there were other minor changes. But the original pictures of the objects of Phoenicia had set their stamp upon our alphabet.



CONFUSION OF TONGUES

A student telephone operator got her first call from a coin-box customer. Though nervous over being on her own for the first time, she made the connection perfectly.

But when it came time to notify the caller, "Your three minutes are up; signal when through, please," she froze up, unable to recall the formula.

She finally found her voice with a desperate, dismal croak: "Sir, your time has come."

Telephone Review.

*

A cub reporter had made the mistake of spouting off in a public place about a local hoodlum. Now, as he was leaving the newspaper office late at night, he was chilled by the sudden pressure of a gun in his back.

"All right, wise guy," a voice snarled. "I hear you called me a blockheaded gunman!"

"Good heavens!" gulped the reporter. "Somebody certainly got my words twisted. What I said was that you are a square shooter!"

Hal Chadwick.

*

The small college was losing the big game, and the football coach, in desperation, glanced wildly down the bench in search of a substitute who might turn defeat into victory. "All right, Jones," he yelled at one sturdy fellow, "go in there and get ferocious."

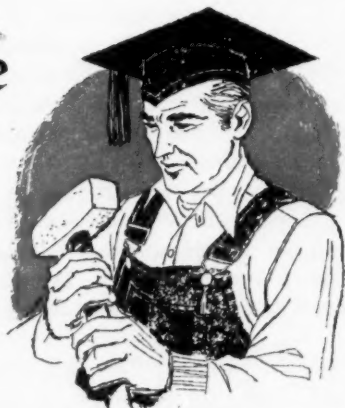
"Sure, coach," replied the intrepid young man. "But I don't think I know him. What's his number?"

Wall St. Journal (4 Oct. '56).

By Arlen J. Large
Condensed from the "Wall Street Journal"*

Businesses Go Back to College

Big companies are sending salesmen and supervisors to the halls of learning



YOUNGSTERS in college are finding some unexpected schoolmates. Truckers, diamond-drill operators, taxicab supervisors, auto-dealer accountants, secretaries, and lumberyard workers, for example.

Many companies long have packed their brass back to the ivy-covered halls for executive development courses, and this type of schooling is growing fast. But perhaps even more striking is the growth of programs for sending foremen, white-collar workers, and other lower-echelon employees to college to sharpen up specific skills or learn new ones.

Officials of the Folding Paper Box association think many of its 200 member companies are losing business to aluminum foil and plastic film because of stodgy sales attitudes. To revamp the industry's thinking, the association is sponsoring members-only packaging courses at New York university, Northwestern, Georgia State College of

Business Administration, the University of Southern California, Western Reserve university, and the University of California at Berkeley.

The paper-box industry is but the latest to join the swelling ranks of businesses who believe colleges can raise efficiency and value of personnel. Its program reflects a trend toward asking educators to help solve specific business problems in sales, accounting, or production. In the past, college courses for businessmen concentrated much more heavily on general instruction in sales techniques, cost cutting, personnel relations and the like, all aimed at broadening executives' business horizons.

A U.S. Chamber of Commerce

*711 W. Monroe St., Chicago 90, Ill. Sept. 11, 1956. © 1956 by Dow Jones & Co., Inc., and reprinted with permission.

survey shows that 248 trade associations last year sponsored short courses and institutes for their member companies. Other programs are set up directly between colleges and individual companies, while educators announce still other courses on a come-one, come-all basis.

Lawrence A. Appley, president of the American Management association, estimates that "about 250,000 American business executives are currently going to some form of specialized training program to develop their skills and improve their qualifications for managerial jobs." Of these, 150,000 are training in internal company programs, and 100,000 are taking formal courses, attending seminars, conferences, and clinics, Mr. Appley says.

In addition, an estimated 700,000 stenographers, shipping clerks, foremen, office workers, and others seeking to enhance their abilities are enrolled in liberal arts or commerce night courses, and adult-education specialists say the number is increasing by about 5% every year.

How can a college instructor help such businessmen as paper-box salesmen solve problems? The salesmen meet one evening a week for ten weeks. Instructors, using the association's research material, stress packaging requirements of their customers and the best ways to sell paper boxes to them.

A parade of manufacturers, supermarket-display experts, department-store executives, and packaging

experts tell the salesmen what they like to see in a sales approach. Students get individual practice stints of selling packaging contracts to "customer" classmates. Homework assignment: "Bring to class a list of products which could be packaged more attractively in paper boxes."

Auto dealers in Buffalo, plagued with bookkeeping worries, have also turned to campus specialists for academic assistance. Some 30 accountants employed by local dealers attend Monday-night sessions at the University of Buffalo, learning special rules of thumb for keeping track of their firms' cash positions.

At the Illinois Institute of Technology campus in Chicago, Prof. Samuel E. Rusinoff is giving a course on use of industrial diamonds.

THEY READ AND RAID

Businessmen on campus make college cash registers jingle, but create problems, too.

Northwestern's fee of \$1,000 per student for the four-week Management institute "more than pays expenses of the program," says Leon Bosch, associate commerce school dean.

A sample problem is posed by Norman Allhiser, director, Wisconsin's Industrial Management institute. "These company executives watch a sharp instructor and decide he'd be just the boy to spark things back at the plant. I've had eight offers myself."

He teaches craftsmen from metal working firms in the Chicago area two nights a week.

The American Taxicab association co-sponsored with Purdue university a two-week institute for some 30 taxi-fleet supervisors. For the most part, says Mrs. M. D. Smith, ATA executive secretary, students will become supervisors whose job is to clear away their companies' biggest road blocks to profits: sloppy maintenance and costly accidents.

"Insurance rates for taxi fleets are terrific," says Mrs. Smith. "One careless, reckless driver can mean lawsuits that could wreck you for good."

The course will be the association's first program tailored exclusively for taxi companies. However, it has long been a co-sponsor of the National Committee for Motor-Fleet Supervisor Training. This organization, composed of truck associations, safety groups, and insurance companies, has sponsored training for 10,000 fleet supervisors at 62 colleges during the last 11 years.

Like the taxi companies and truckers, literally hundreds of other firms are spending money to get better-trained line supervisors in key spots. Pointing to his own soaring enrollment figures, Bradford B. Boyd, staff member at the University of Wisconsin's Industrial Management institute, sums it up this way. "When it comes to effective cost cutting, people are beginning to realize that the foreman is the

guy who can do something about it."

How does a sharp faculty man handle a classroom of supervisors fresh from the factory floor? Come to the institute's low-slung frame building on the Madison campus.

Inside, a shop foreman is seated at his desk. He looks sternly at E. K. Hubbard, 58-year-old employe who has been one of his company's top workmen for 20 years.

"Apparently," the foreman sneers, "you didn't pay any attention to my talk yesterday about turning off lights when not in use. What are you trying to do? Don't you know we're in competition with other companies and have got to cut costs?"

"Well," Mr. Hubbard begins, "I've got some problems—"

"Let this be a warning to you," the foreman breaks in. "Turn out those lights when you're through with them."

Clayton G. Orcutt, alias "Mr. Hubbard," rises from the desk and turns to 12 shirt-sleeved men who had been watching the scene. "Do you think," he asks, "a workman would have any respect for that foreman after getting a chewing-out like that?" He then explains how the student foreman should have given the reprimand: appealing to the workman's pride as a trusted employe, asking him to set the example, understanding his problems.

Can a student take back to his plant concrete ideas from nebulous-

ly named "human-relations" courses? "I know a couple of things I'm going to do when I get back," said the 24-year-old Brundidge, who sports a beard and crew-cut. "There are two or three foremen that I have to deal with who are older than myself. I know now that I'll have to throw safety problems to them and let them come up with the answers. Only I've got to work it in such a way that they give me the answers I want."

Many college training programs are heavily peopled by newcomers to lines of work that require them to pick up some technical background. A big expansion in an industry, like the current one in the credit field, for example, may bring a sharp enrollment boom.

The Associated Credit Bureaus of America has sponsored courses at the University of North Carolina since 1946, and at Yale, Illinois, Texas, and Kansas since 1950. Of the 1,200 enrolled since the beginning, this year's group represents more than a third. The association's courses include lectures in business law, applied psychology, public speaking, and organization.

One of the newest educational programs is designed for an entire category of industries. In January, Northwestern university's new transportation center began a ten-week course for about 35 middle-management executives from airlines, railroads, steamship companies, and motor carriers—traditional rivals.

Classroom talk centers on rate regulation, routes, scheduling, political factors, and engineering problems. Ed Haefele, the center's assistant director, says top men in the transportation industry want their junior executives to "get a chance to rub shoulders with their competitors, and to talk about problems they have in common."

A list of other college courses attended by bosses and employees is a soup-to-nuts review of American business activity. There are programs for retirement counsellors at New York university, workshops for industrial movie producers at Marquette, courses in packaging at Purdue, courses for aircraft purchasing agents at the University of California, one in quality control at the University of Michigan. Industrial chemists can enroll for a course at MIT in "Recent Advances in Catalytic Polymerization." You can sign up at the University of Buffalo for sessions in "Creative Thinking."

A relatively recent technique for training top-echelon managers is now attracting a good bit of attention among both educators and businessmen. Several curious personnel managers checked into the social attitudes of its middle-management executives, wondering what kind of business "statesmen" will some day be on the top floor. Result: a growing number of businessmen's courses with a stiff diet of history, science, philosophy, and the arts.

The Case of the Apostolic Usher

John Vierling of Denver gets his friends into the right pew in the right church



THE WOMAN STOOD hesitantly at the back of the church during one of the Sunday Masses at the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception in Denver, Colo. She finally approached an usher, a friendly looking, middle-aged man named John Vierling. She asked him a question about the meaning of part of the Mass. That question was to have an astonishing effect on Vierling's life.

He didn't know the answer to it, but he said he would get it. After Mass, he went over to the rectory and talked to the pastor, Msgr. Walter Canavan. Then Vierling telephoned the woman and explained the symbolism that had puzzled her.

Vierling says now that if she had merely said, "Thank you very much," and hung up, things might never have worked out as they did. But she was unusually profuse in her thanks. She said that she was a non-Catholic. She had often gone into Catholic churches, had always been curious about the Mass, but

had never before mustered the courage to ask a question about it.

Until that Sunday in 1954, there had never been anything unusual about Vierling's activities. He is a busy office manager for a jewelry store during the week; on Sundays, like thousands of other men, he has long enjoyed helping out as an usher at his parish church. But the incident put an idea into his head. Perhaps, he thought, there was a real need for *spiritual* ushering.

During the next two years, Vierling brought 13 converts into the Church. He met them all through his work as usher.

The Sunday after he got the answer to the woman's question, Vierling walked the aisles of the cathedral during Mass, scrutinizing the congregation carefully. He was trying to identify the non-Catholics. He observed the people who didn't seem to know what was going on;

those who remained seated all through Mass; those who didn't have a missal or a rosary. At the back of the church, he kept an eye out for people who lingered in the vestibule, peeping cautiously through the door.

When he was sure that a person was not a Catholic, and when he could conveniently whisper to him without disturbing others, Vierling would move in. "I'm one of the ushers," he would say. "After Mass, I'll be glad to try to answer any questions you may have."

The response was usually a quick smile, as the apprehensive visitor relaxed. After Mass, Vierling would make a point of bidding him goodbye and of inviting him to come again. Visitors often took him up on his offer to answer questions. "When they did," he says, with just the ghost of a grin, "there would always be some question that required further research."

"I'll get the complete answer to that and call you later," he would promise.

The telephone call would give him a chance to follow up the initial contact. The person he had called would often come up to him the following Sunday with another question. Vierling would then invite his new acquaintance to have dinner with him and his wife, Mildred, or to join them for an afternoon drive in the mountains. If the invitation was accepted, Vierling would take care to avoid bringing

religion into the conversation during the rest of the day. But if his guest brought the subject up, Vierling would answer his questions.

When persons showed continuing interest in the Church, he would tell them about the instruction classes for non-Catholics at the cathedral. He would accompany them to a few classes—just long enough for the person to strike up friendships with other people who were attending.

As time went on, Vierling made a further refinement in his ice-breaking technique. He obtained a supply of pamphlets designed to explain the liturgy to non-Catholics. When he spotted a non-Catholic at Mass, he would hand him one of the pamphlets and also a card giving his address and telephone number.

Vierling's first convert was a woman who had caught his attention because of the distraught expression on her face. "She looked," he recalls, "as if she had come into the cathedral because she was desperately in need of rest." He asked if he could help her, and found that his guess had been distressingly accurate. Her husband had recently deserted her, and her three children had been placed in an orphanage. Although she was not a Catholic, she had come into the cathedral to pray.

Vierling invited her to dinner the following Sunday. After dinner, he and his wife drove her out to the

state orphanage to see her children.

When she became a Catholic a little later, her children came into the Church with her. The Catholic Charities bureau saw that the children were transferred to a Catholic orphanage, and helped their mother to get a job there so that she could be with them.

A young married couple were the first converts Vierling made after he began using the pamphlets. The husband telephoned. His tone was suspicious at first. "Why didn't the pamphlet have the priest's card in it?" he asked.

"Well, you see, many persons who are not Catholics are hesitant about talking to a priest," Vierling told him. "They are more likely to ask questions of someone like me. If I don't know the answer, I ask a priest, and pass on the information. If they wish to see more literature, I get it for them."

That satisfied the husband. Three months later Vierling and his wife were sponsors at the young couple's Baptism.

Mildred Vierling is not aggressive and gregarious, like her husband; she is rather shy. But her quiet friendliness makes things easy for new acquaintances who have shown an interest in the Church.

"I'm a convert myself," she tells the non-Catholic. "I remember what it was like to want to know more about Catholicism and to be em-

barrassed about asking questions."

Vierling gives his wife credit for his amazing achievement in attracting converts. "The social aspect of it is the most important part," he maintains. "When a person finds that you are interested in him as a friend, and that your conversation won't include religion unless he introduces the subject himself, he becomes really receptive."

That's the way it was with two young Japanese nurses whom he observed whispering to each other in the vestibule of the cathedral. They worked in a near-by hospital, and had been invited to attend another church in the neighborhood; but they had heard a great deal about the Catholic Church in their native land, and wished to know more about it. Vierling gave them his usual welcome, complete with pamphlets. Less than a month later, the two nurses were attending evening instructions at the cathedral.

Once Vierling made a mistake. An old woman remained seated all during Mass. She had neither misal nor rosary. Vierling gave her a pamphlet. She nodded, and smiled sweetly.

That afternoon she telephoned. "Listen to me, Mr. John Vierling," she scolded. "I want you to know that I've been a Catholic since long before you were born—and you can't excommunicate me just because I've got a sore knee!"



Jobs and Dignity for Senior Citizens

Industry is learning that the 'you're-too-old' line is not just brutal but illogical

AT LONG LAST, American industry is giving older workers a better break. Only a year or two ago, the man or woman over 45 who was out of a job found it tough sledding to get another.

The case of a man we'll call Hal Weston indicates what is happening. At 62, Hal was purchasing agent of a textile concern. It was the only job he had ever had; he joined the firm when he was 22. After years of successful operation the business ran into financial trouble, whereupon another corporation took it over. Weston was summoned to the vice president's office.

"I'm sorry, Hal," he said, "but we'll have to let you go. Here's a check for a month's salary."

No pension, no Social Security benefits, just a month's wages and the right to 26 weeks of unemployment insurance at \$30 a week. After 40 years! During this time Hal had raised and educated four children, bought a house, paid his taxes, supported his church, and contributed to the Red Cross and Community Chest. He had once man-



aged to save a few thousand dollars, but an illness struck one of the family, and X rays, operations, and medications had swept away the little nest egg. Now, he was off the payroll.

A few years ago, his situation would have been heartbreaking, with no job and no prospects. Fortunately, this happened in 1956, when there were signs of a more realistic appreciation of the value of the older worker. Today Hal Weston is happily employed, rejoicing in the prestige of job and pay check.

One of the most urgent needs in this country today is for older men who have the experience needed to handle the enormous production that technological progress is pouring out. We are living in a machine-age fairy tale, making a world the like of which has never before been seen. We are launching rockets, splitting atoms, building electronic brains, making our own earth satellites, and preparing to shoot them into outer space. We are reaching for the moon and the stars, juggling with fission and fusion and solar energy, leaping into the future at fantastic speed. All this activity, combined with military and naval demands, is creating an unprecedented demand for workers.

Our ever-growing population calls for more houses, more food, washing machines, refrigerators—more of everything. This demand creates jobs for all kinds of employees, including the hourly worker. Automation, too, is actually creating more jobs than it abolishes. During 1955 more than 63 million Americans were gainfully employed; in August, 1956, according to James P. Mitchell, secretary of labor, the figure was over 66 million.

Company recruiters and management consultants are on the prowl everywhere, and some giant corporations and small business concerns are beginning to revise their employment policies. Pension plans, too, are undergoing much needed

changes. According to a recent survey by the Bankers Trust Co., New York, many of the new plans have no compulsory retirement age or one that is later than age 65. Mutual Life, one of the nation's largest insurance companies, has boosted employee retirement age from 65 to 68.

As this is written, Sears, Roebuck is advertising in the *New York Times* for salesmen up to 55. Another recent help-wanted ad in the same paper calls for a "future president above 40." Still another carries this caption in bold type: "Who Said 45 Is Too Old?"

Not long ago, Glen B. Warren, vice president of General Electric, told the American Society of Mechanical Engineers that the increasing growth and complexity of American business is leading to a demand for more men of executive caliber, men in their late 40's, 50's, and even 60's. The Civil Service commission has announced that age limits on all competitive federal jobs have been abolished. For the last two years, Secretary of Labor Mitchell and Undersecretary Arthur Larson have been actively campaigning for older workers.

Able but elderly men and women who have hitherto known nothing but repeated rebuffs in their search for work may never again hear those brutal words, "I'm going to be very frank. You're too old."

A large New York construction firm recently hired two engineers

for Pakistan. One was 58, the other 60. A southern state has just hired a man nearing 70 to reorganize one of its most active departments.

The demand for older workers, particularly executives, is confirmed by the country's Forty Plus clubs. Those groups, all nonprofit organizations that promote the hiring of men of middle age and beyond, are now flourishing in New York City, Boston, Buffalo, Philadelphia, Washington, Chicago, Los Angeles, and San Francisco. They all report many more jobs calling for specialized experience than they are able to fill. And such openings are not merely for engineers and skilled technicians, but for accountants, plant managers, sales managers, administrators, and advertising and public-relations men.

Many leading educational institutions are providing an opportunity for mature men to develop themselves for jobs of greater responsibility. Harvard Business school, for example, offers a 12½-week course in advanced management for executives of 45 to 60. The men, from steel mills, automobile plants, big construction jobs, stores, and offices, are selected by their own organizations. They go to school at the company's expense because they are regarded as capable of assuming the top positions of tomorrow.

"Old age" depends upon many factors. Some men are old and burned out at 50, while others are young at 70. Yet, all over the land

many thousands of men are idle in the very prime of their mental and physical vigor, ousted from jobs by compulsory retirement at 65.

Take George O'Hearn. George freely admits that all his formal education was gained in a little red schoolhouse. He worked his way up the ladder until he became New York sales manager of a large chemical corporation. At 65, when his sales volume was at its peak and every working day was a delight, his company's retirement plan abruptly ended his career. He had the health and mental agility for many years of further effort, but he was told that he had reached the end of the line.

George's pension was adequate, but he felt lost, cut off from all his accustomed routines and responsibilities. He loafed five years. Then he told his wife, "I'm going to get a job if it's only running a peanut stand."

With the help of the Forty Plus Club of New York he landed a job as a sales executive. George had been selling only chemicals; now he was going into the frozen-custard business, negotiating franchises involving initial cash outlays of more than \$10,000. Aside from having eaten it, George knew nothing whatever about frozen custard, but he knew the fundamentals of selling. He brought in during the ensuing three years \$3 million of orders, a record for the company. Today, at 75, O'Hearn is still at work.

In Southern California three of the nation's largest aircraft manufacturers have found that it pays to hire old-timers. Each has a great many employees over 65 and a surprisingly large number over 80. Not long ago one of these concerns was told by a management consulting firm that more production could be obtained by hiring younger workers who would work faster.

"All right," said the executive vice president, "we'll try it."

A group of veterans was let out and some rosy-cheeked lads brought in. It was soon discovered, however, that although the young men produced more, the volume of their work rejected by the inspectors was high, too. The management then transferred the younger workers and rehired the veterans.

Like many progressive firms, Curt G. Joa, Inc. of Sheboygan, Wis., realizes that for the survival of any enterprise it is necessary to have an adequate supply of young men coming up who are not afraid to tackle responsibilities. The company has found that there is no better way to train their young employees than by having them work alongside veterans. Thus they learn team work, and acquire a regard for tools and equipment as well as pride of achievement. Relying on the influence and example of their veterans, the company expects that eventually the Florida branch will be even bigger than the home plant. Meanwhile, there is a long waiting

list of other veterans who are anxious to be back doing the kind of work they enjoy.

Our ever-increasing population demands constant expansion in industrial production. In 1900 we had 76 million people; today we have over 166 million, and by 1975 it is anticipated that there will be 200 million of us. To cope with this tremendous growth we shall need greater output than ever, handled by men who will produce more in a four-day, 30-hour week than we now turn out in 40 hours. Industry is planning for ten or 15 years ahead and for almost inconceivable production.

The Ingersoll Milling Machine Co., Rockford, Ill., has just developed a milling machine weighing 1¼ million pounds. It can handle metal parts 18 feet wide and 16 feet high. Despite its size, this monster can do precision work with tolerances up to 3/1000 of an inch.

Automobile plants have long been highly efficient, yet they have embarked upon an automation program which will result in a better product at low cost. Some new machines enable industry to do things never done before. Near Cadiz, Ohio, the Hanna Coal Co. is engaged in open-cut coal operations, using a scoop with a 100-foot reach that can scoop up 100 tons of coal at a time. Its economical operating cost has enabled Hanna to purchase mines abandoned by other companies as unworkable, thus creating

work where jobs were disappearing a few years ago.

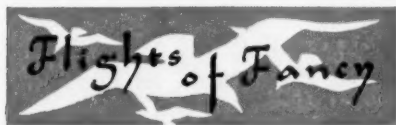
In this new era we must expect far-reaching changes in our way of life, for entirely new products will be made, new services given. General Electric has 70,000 men working on new products. Durable clothing, made from paper with nylon binding, is in the works.

Scientists are making a concentrated effort to use the energy that comes from the sun for generating steam, heating homes, and cooking. In a California laboratory, bulbless lighting is being developed. Dramatic advances in nuclear-power propulsion and aerodynamics are being made almost daily; electronic equipment beyond our wildest dreams is being developed.

Electronic computers may make thousands of intricate mathematical calculations in a fraction of a sec-

ond; robots may operate giant tools; planes with automatic navigators and pilots may travel at twice the speed of sound; but manual and brain workers will still be needed. There will never be a substitute for the energy and enthusiasm of youth and the mature, experienced mind.

Fortunately, there is a break in the dam of age discrimination in business and industry. As more and more industries come to recognize the value of retaining workers who wish to continue on the job after they have reached 65, problems of the aging will disappear. When that day comes, the members of our mushrooming senior population through their labor and purchasing power will contribute strength to the national economy. They will be able to live in dignity and comfort and enjoy a sense of accomplishment to the end of their days.



Talking business confidentially loud.

F. Frangart

Radio talking importantly to itself in an empty room.

Arthur Gordon

Wax drops queuing up down the side of a candle.

Hilary Codippily

Soft surf of pedestrians.

J. F. Powers

Grass getting greener by the shower.

Ed Sullivan

Snowflake: raindrop in winter underwear.

Mary J. Ursick

Stars carbonating the heavens.

Richard T. Johnson

[You are invited to submit similar figures of speech, for which \$2 will be paid on publication. Exact source must be given. Contributions from similar departments in other magazines will not be accepted. Manuscripts submitted for this department cannot be acknowledged nor returned.—Ed.]

By Bea Danville
*Condensed from "Dress Well On \$1 A Day"**

It's Easy to Stay in Style

*A woman of taste is usually neither
a fashion rebel nor a fashion slave*

THE SECRET of always being in style on a limited budget lies in knowing and understanding the basic fashion trends.

The trend of fashion is a phenomenon which has been puzzling psychologists and sociologists for years. For one thing, common sense and comfort seem to have little bearing on fashion. A Mother Hubbard and flat-heeled shoes would be sensible garb for the active way of life of today's busy career woman. Instead, she races around on high heels, always eating less than she needs, to keep her figure in line with the half-starved look in vogue.

The designer who makes a hit with a new style does so because he keeps up with the times. A classic example of this is the overnight success of the great French designer, Christian Dior. With his New Look, Dior in 1946 captured the imagination of war-weary women who were sick of their masculine role.



During the war years, a woman took on many tasks ordinarily performed by men. She wore slacks, taking her place beside men firing anti-aircraft guns, working in factories, or driving ambulances. The mannish silhouette of the padded shoulders and the narrowed hip line were in keeping with her temporarily masculine way of living. No wonder the essential femininity of the New Look caught on!

Fashion changes for various reasons. Charles James, in 1936, was working with a derelict millinery stock of grosgrain. At that time, popular fabrics were woven loose, so that they fell easily into the

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draped designs then in vogue. James' imaginative use of the discarded grosgrain, which is a rich, stiff fabric and practically impossible to drape, marked a change in this period of fashion. His designs created a sensation in the fashion world.

As a result of James' bold departure, the draped silhouette of the 30's gradually dissolved into the sterner line of the 40's until there emerged the simpler line of the middle 50's, with James' exquisitely beautiful sculptured silhouette, cut with its higher bosom line and graceful Gothic curve.

It is hard to believe that these lovely garments were first designed over 20 years ago. There could be no more perfect illustration of the timeless beauty of good design.

At the time of the French revolution, the fashions of the court were as extreme in their way as the skimmed skirts of the 1920's. Hair was piled on the head to a height of two or three feet, and often topped with some decoration, such as a ship, to add even more height.

With the French Revolution, all these styles were swept away, and with peace there emerged the classical Empire style. Macabre fashion styles were popular for several months in Paris. Women wore their hair short and tied a red ribbon around their necks. The style was inspired by the guillotine. In preparation for execution, the aristocrats' hair had been bobbed. The signifi-

cance of the red ribbon around the neck is obvious, if gruesome.

As the simplicity of Empire fashions became boring to their wearers, skirts gradually became fuller until so many petticoats were needed to widen the silhouette that a wire cage was invented to take their place. Thus was born the crinoline, which in its turn became so big that entering a room was sometimes a hazardous experience. The crinoline gave way to the bustle, and the bustle to the extraordinary toppled-over look of the Gibson girl, with her hour-glass figure, during the early 1900's. The hobble skirt followed, so tight that women could scarcely walk in it, giving way to the shorter skirt and loose dress of the 1st World War era. Up went hem lines with the jazz era of the 20's and down they came again as women became waisted once more in the 30's.

Around 1935, fashions began to show a graceful, willowy silhouette, with the hips pared down to a minimum. As time passed, the shoulder line gradually became more and more padded. But the eye eventually tired of seeing women with square shoulders. After about seven years, the line had reached its limit, in 1946. Dior's launching of the New Look brought a soft shoulder line, voluminous skirts, and large hats, with a plunge in the skirt length from 18 to 11½ inches off the floor.

It is useless to try to resist the

extraordinary force of fashion. The New Look could not have been more senseless. In England and in Paris, where it originated, cloth was at a premium. In England, it was rationed so severely that to make a full-skirted New Look dress, a girl used almost all her clothing-coupon allowance for a year. The government even tried to pass laws against the New Look. But the New Look swept on. Women tagged six inches of anything to every skirt they possessed. Those six inches had to go on, and go on they did, even when women had to use fur or lace.

It was alarming in those first days of the New Look to open a fashion magazine and learn that almost every garment in your closet was out of date.

The question still of prime importance to a budget-minded girl is simply: how seriously should you take the news of Paris showings? Should you immediately scrap your entire wardrobe at M. Dior's suggestion, or carry on as usual?

Let's see what happens to a style after its appearance before the elite of Paris. This will give you some idea of how long it takes to establish a new style. Let's look into the emergence of the new Directoire line, with its high-waisted effect.

In 1951, Dior showed one of the first coats designed with the new line. It was made with a flaring back, a straight front, and a half belt placed two inches or so above

the natural waistline. This was only one of many designs shown that season. Between 50 and 60 designs suitable for American taste arrived at Christian Dior's in New York from his Paris salon. Once over here, the original models were further adapted in the copies made for sale in the U.S. One design was placed on the wholesale market, to be sold in limited quantities for wear the following winter.

Meanwhile, the buyers and designers of the medium-priced fashion houses, many of whom do not wish to buy from Paris direct, were feverishly scanning the fashion magazines to catch the trend for the next season. Before putting hundreds of dollars' worth of garments on the market, they held back until they could see the reaction to the styles sold by the top designer houses.

Still later came the usual scramble by the smaller manufacturers to copy what was already a good seller. Five years afterwards, versions of Dior's high-belted coat are still being sold.

Mary Lewis, who is fashion director for Sears, Roebuck, is well aware of the gradual emergence of an established style. Upon her depends the chic and dress happiness of thousands of American women who buy regularly from the famous mail-order house. She is never in a hurry to put a new style forward, for she knows that unless her styles are well established, her public

won't buy them. They know quite well that the *outré* has no place in everyday life, and that is exactly what a new style is until it becomes the current silhouette.

So, as you can see for yourself, you can safely wear what you have for about three years and sometimes even longer, without looking out of date.



DON PANCHITO

Years ago, I was a doctor for the crew of a gold mine high on a remote mountain of Mexico. My wife and I lived in a tiny house surrounded by a rock wall. However, the gate had no lock on it, and the most varied types of human beings beat a path to our door.

One of these was Don Panchito. He sold eggs that he brought from farms up the river, and he was always boasting about how fresh they were. "If a bad one ever shows up, you have only to tell me, and I will change it for you," he would say. "But that won't ever happen. I always come to your house first, before the sun gets high enough to heat up the baskets."

Every Friday he would stick his white head through the door, and, with a "Good morning that God gives you," he would count out the eggs, and tell us the news he had picked up along the way.

One day after my wife had paid him, he lingered in the kitchen, twisting his straw hat in embarrassment. "I have a big favor to ask you," he faltered. "I—I've been saving up to buy a blanket, for it's getting very cold these nights. But I still lack five pesos. If you could lend it to me, I'd pay a little back every Friday when I bring the eggs."

We lent him the money, of course. "But how can he possibly manage to pay it back?" I asked my wife. "He charges only three centavos for each egg. We'll wait two or three weeks, then tell him the debt is canceled."

Next Friday came, but no Panchito. And the next, and the next. I must confess that I was a little disappointed.

"He must be sick," my wife insisted. "Or else he didn't find enough eggs at the farms. He wouldn't skip us just so as not to pay."

Months went by, and I forgot all about Panchito. Then one morning the next spring, we heard a gentle voice outside the kitchen, "Good morning that God gives you." A man came in. The serene eyes and the voice were familiar, but it wasn't Panchito. "I bring you this basket of eggs that my father owed you, God rest him," he said. "His last words before he died were, 'The debt that I owe in the house of the doctor must be paid. And don't fail to take the *señora* her eggs every Friday.'" My eyes sought my wife's; hers had filled with tears.

Dr. Frederick Rohde.

By Daniel J. Hafrey
Condensed from the Minneapolis
"Sunday Tribune"*

Bob Samples Moves to Richfield

The ice melted when the kids got acquainted

THE DAY AFTER the Robert H. Samples family moved into their new home in Richfield, a suburb of Minneapolis, Minn., four-year-old Bobbie took off down the road on his trike. He was a sociable little fellow, and wanted to make friends with his neighbors. But as he approached house after house, mothers scurried out and shooed their children indoors.

"As I watched that kid go down the road all alone, it was about the closest I have come to crying in my grown days," recalls Mr. Samples, the first Negro to buy a home in Richfield.

That was five and a half years ago.

Last week the spacious Samples home was bursting with children colored and white, small and big, shy and aggressive.

"Sometimes they ring the bell, but mostly they just push open the door and there they are," says



Samples with a broad grin. "I've got to look around before I put down my foot to see that I am not stepping on one of the neighborhood kids."

John Walters, who lives across the street, says, "You couldn't find a better neighbor than Bob Samples. He's terrific with the kids. I have him over to watch TV now and then. And Mary Jane [Mrs. Samples] comes over for coffee with my wife and has her and the other girls for coffee at her house."

Samples was born in Illinois. He was graduated from the University of Iowa with a major in business administration. He took a State department job in Germany. Just before he returned to the U. S., he

*425 Portland Ave., Minneapolis 15, Minn. Oct. 28, 1956. © 1956 by the Minneapolis Star and Tribune Co., and reprinted with permission.

had a big set-to with a former nazi. The latter taunted him about racial prejudice in the U. S., and Samples defended his country.

Back home, he landed a job as an IBM accountant with the First National bank in Minneapolis. He started hunting a home for himself; his wife; Bobbie; Frankie, who was then 1; Peggy Ann, who was due to make her appearance any moment; and his mother-in-law, Mrs. Ed Saunders.

"I made a full-time job of it," says Mrs. Samples, a well-spoken graduate of the University of Iowa journalism school. "Day after day, for eight hours a day, I would make calls and answer ads."

There was many a lead, but it would evaporate as soon as the real-estate agent, or the property owner, got a look at the Sampleses. Although they were newcomers to Minneapolis, they soon learned where the ghettos are. Again and again they were asked, "Why don't you try Olson highway or the Seven Corners area?"

"But that was definitely not the kind of place in which I wanted to raise my kids," says Samples. "I was thinking of writing that nazi that maybe he wasn't so wrong after all."

But when things looked their gloomiest, something would happen to cheer them up. Like the time the shopkeeper looked at little Bobbie during one of their fruitless hunts, and said, "I'd like to have you live in this neighborhood." Or

the "wonderful" white friends of friends who were leaving on vacation and simply turned over their home to the family "without even knowing us."

Finally, they found a real-estate agent who took them out at night to the house in Richfield, which had been standing vacant for several months. He sold it to them then and there.

They moved in July 3, 1951, and resentment appeared immediately. The curious would walk by and stare. Some made loud comments about Richfield having been all white until then.

The Samples did not yet have a telephone. Sometimes, when the pump broke or a child was sick, they had to seek neighborly help. "Mine is not a public phone," one woman told them. Another let them take water, but only from an outside faucet.

One day, Samples was working in his yard. He saw that a solid stream of cars was driving by, slowing up in front of his home and then going on. He could hear some of the usual indignant remarks.

"That day, I really got scared," he recalls. "I thought about those Cicero riots [one of the worst post-war race disturbances, set off when a Negro family moved into a housing project in Cicero, Ill.]. I felt that we were sitting on a powder keg."

"I told my wife and mother-in-law to stay inside and keep the kids

in. I would do all the going outside that was needed."

Soon a man drove up, offered Samples some beer, which he refused, and advised him to get out.

"People here resent your moving in, and they'll get you out one way or another," he told Samples.

Next came another neighbor who introduced himself, welcomed them to Richfield, and warned them a protest meeting was being held that night in a near-by tavern. The same neighbor came by later (some of the Samples' friends, white and Negro, had rallied around them by then) to report on the meeting. There had been talk of tarring their home, or burning it. But no action came out of the meeting.

For about a year after that nothing happened. The Samples went their way, the neighbors theirs, cool and noncommittal. Then the ice began to melt.

It started with children getting lost. Mothers would come to look for them and would exchange a word with their new neighbors.

The Samples have an acre of land. Gradually, that acre turned into the neighborhood playground. Bob was often out there, playing football and baseball with the kids. He took his own and neighbors' children on hikes.

The Samples family kept growing, too. In addition to the first three there now are Christopher, three, and Deborah Jeanne, 11 months. The Samples joined St.

Richard's Catholic church and became active there. Neighbors would stop when they saw the family trudging to church, and offer a ride. Or they would offer Bob a lift to his job at the bank.

Mrs. Samples joined the League of Women Voters and the Civic Music association. She began to work for the parish school. Bob joined the church choir and became a group leader in its Lend Me Your Hand program.

Soon they were getting more offers of rides than they needed. The women began to treat them as they did other neighbors, borrowing a cup of sugar today, lending an egg tomorrow. Often, when there was outgrown clothing in a family, they would think of the Samples children. Mary Jane was going to the neighbors' homes and they came to hers. There were evening dinners and get-togethers for couples.

"We weren't just sitting and waiting," explained Mrs. Samples. "Once we showed them that we were responsible householders, we went out and tried to make friends."

They would call on new neighbors, be friendly to those already in the area, try to invite them to their home. And they were helpful, too. Mrs. Saunders and her daughter would help out with baby-sitting, a much appreciated gesture in a neighborhood of young couples and small children.

They were prepared for rebuffs, but weren't afraid of them. And as

it turned out, there were but few to be endured.


"Everyone in the neighborhood fully accepts them now," says Mrs. Jack Thull, their next-door neighbor. "Sometimes, of course, there is a bit of trouble among the kids. But everybody agrees they are good neighbors."

Father Alfred Longley, pastor of St. Richard's, adds, "The Sampleses are excellent parishioners. They are outstanding spiritually. Both parents and children are well integrated in the community. And we are proud to have them in the parish."

True, one family which had been particularly opposed to the Sampleses moved out. They had no trouble

selling their house at the price they asked, despite the frequent argument that Negroes in a neighborhood depress real-estate values. A number of other homes in the immediate area have changed hands—all at their full value, neighbors say. A row of new houses went up near the Samples' house, and were sold readily.

"I like to think we have made some converts, that we have proved to some people that we aren't bad," says Mrs. Samples thoughtfully. "We aren't out to prove that all Negroes are good—they aren't. You will find both good and bad among Negroes, just as you find good and bad in all other groups."



JUSTICE ON THE TIBER

I was sitting tranquilly on a bench along the Tiber river in Rome. Around me teemed hundreds of Romans on countless errands. Suddenly, I felt someone tapping my shoulder. A small, sun-darkened boy with soulful eyes stood behind me holding just about the biggest zinnia I'd ever seen and repeating, "I am Enzo, and this is for a very beautiful lady." I took it, responding to the artful flattery with a blush.

Enzo had scarcely moved a dozen paces away when I was literally overrun by a horde of little boys, all offering me zinnias. These boys, however, were demanding fifty lire apiece. A policeman happened by and came to my rescue. He rounded up all the boys and drove them into a corner of the river wall. He then proceeded to give them a fatherly tongue lashing.

Much to my distress, poor little Enzo had been caught in the roundup. I saw him crumpled against the river wall, crying his eyes out. I went to the policeman and managed, with a profusion of gestures, to explain that Enzo could not justly be included in the group. The officer apologized to him and we both stood watching him run off.

About 15 minutes after the whole thing was over and tranquillity had returned to the banks of the Tiber, I again felt a tap on my shoulder. I turned and saw Enzo again. This time he thrust a huge bouquet of zinnias into my arms saying, "This is for a very good lady."

Mrs. Vincent R. Tortora.

What Would You Like to Know About the Church?

Questions about the Church are invited from non-Catholics. Write us, and we will have your question answered. If your question is selected to be answered publicly in The Catholic Digest, you will receive a lifelong subscription to this magazine. Write to: Catholic Digest, 2959 N. Hamline Ave., St. Paul 13, Minn.

This month's question and answer:

THE LETTER

To the Editor: As a Protestant subscriber to your magazine, I have learned many things about your Church, and many doubts have been resolved. My most central question (like that of many other Protestants) is this. If the Catholic Church regained such ascendancy as it enjoyed in the days of Philip II of Spain, would it not again resort to force and terror to make men accept it as the only true faith?

You preach that God is Love, and that your Church is Christ's kingdom on earth, and must therefore bring love unto all men. You never cease to remind your people that the individual human being is of infinite worth, and must be respected accordingly. And I know you teach that the best government is the one which most abhors the breaking down of any man's conscience, in

the manner of the communists, who say, "Do as I tell you, and believe as I say, or else suffer all the torture we can heap upon you!"

An ever-increasing doubt and fear prevail throughout every nation. And in these times of travail, your Church offers much that the world needs. So much, indeed, that if you clear up this one point made in my question, I am certain the result will be a turning to her on a vast scale.

Bolling Somerville.

THE ANSWER

By J. D. CONWAY

You have given me a very difficult question, Mr. Somerville. The answer is rather clear to me and to the average Catholic; my difficulty is in presenting it in such a way that you and your non-Catholic friends will believe me. This question seriously perturbs many of them, and their fears regarding it have been exploited by bigots and agitators, who claim that the Church is by nature, doctrine, and history an authoritarian and intolerant institution.

Her enemies sometimes assert that she accepts our American Constitution with tongue in cheek, squirms uncomfortably under our separation of Church and state, and pleads for

tolerance from her minority position, trying to hide her own ancient fangs of persecution until she can gain that numerical ascendancy which will give her power.

Another reason your question is difficult is that its answer must predict a contingent, hypothetical future. You are naturally skeptical of prophets. Reliable predictions of the future must be firmly based on past and present. The doctrine and history of the Church, and the discernible attitudes and convictions of American Catholics should give us the key to what to expect.

Here again we encounter difficulty; both the doctrine and the history of the Church in this matter have frequently been presented to the American people in a distorted manner. Professional bigots have warned Americans not to trust the friendly, tolerant attitude of their Catholic neighbors, because these poor, well-meaning people are only the blind tools of a horrible hierarchy, which shares nothing of their naïve justice and charity.

Your mention of Philip II, Mr. Somerville, is only by way of comparison, but it will help keep our discussion clear and to the point if we confine ourselves to the U. S. and to American Catholics. It only confuses the issue to bring up arguments about what the Church is doing in Spain or South America. The immediate Catholic reaction is to counter with arguments about what the Protestants are doing in Sweden

or Switzerland, and we are off on a tangent.

We Catholics in the U. S. are not Spanish Catholics. We do not have the Iberian temperament, traditions or attitudes. We are thoroughly American, with a keen sense of personal liberty, human rights, and freedom of conscience.

First of all, as regards the Constitution and its precious Bill of Rights, any American Catholic will tell you with truth and vehemence that he accepts it completely, with no reservation. Catholics are proud of the part they had in helping to design it, in accepting it, and signing it. We prize it and revere it; and we know that as a result of it we have the best government the world has ever seen. And various recent experiments, from Moscow to Buenos Aires, have made us thank God fervently and frequently for the wisdom of our forefathers.

As regards the principle of separation of Church and state, we Catholics have been in an excellent position, throughout the history of our country, to appreciate its practical advantages. If there were any union between Church and state or any establishment of a Church in the U. S., it would be a Protestant union or establishment, naturally. We believe that we have sufficient sense of fairness and justice, and have learned enough from our own happy experience, to give a Protestant minority equal breaks—should that day ever come.

It is no mere lip service which we pay to separation of Church and state in this country. Frankly, we could imagine a more ideal situation in which people entirely Catholic would live together in a Catholic state which would work in perfect harmony and cooperation with the Church. And just as frankly, we are not in agreement with that extraneous principle interjected as a dictum in some Supreme Court decisions, which would erect a "wall of separation" between Church and state—making the state entirely secular, practically irreligious, and completely uncooperative with any church. It is one of the benefits of our system that our government has never been like that. It is generally helpful and friendly towards all religions, and manifests respect and concern for religious things.

To sum up the Catholic attitude, we believe that as long as there remain various religions in this land of ours, no matter who is in the majority, an attitude of separation and impartiality is the only fair and just one that can be adopted by our government. In 1948, the late Archbishop McNicholas, speaking for the bishops of the U. S., expressed this attitude forcefully and officially. "We deny absolutely and without any qualification that the Catholic bishops are seeking a union of Church and state. If tomorrow Catholics constituted a majority in our country they would not seek a union of Church and state. They

would then, as now, uphold the Constitution and all its amendments."

Now, Mr. Somerville, even if you completely believe me that American Catholics accept our democratic form of government with love and reverence and adhere firmly to the practical separation of Church and state, I have only begun to answer your question. If we Catholics were running the government would our government remain tolerant towards non-Catholics? That is really your question. To answer it, we should consider briefly the Church's teaching on public or political tolerance.

Pope Pius XII, in a talk to Catholic jurists on Dec. 6, 1953, recalled for us the traditional teaching of the Church on this matter, making it clear that the suppression of error is not the ultimate norm for the action of public authority. While this is an objective, certainly, it must be subject to higher and more general norms; and, in consequence, the state, even the Catholic state, must often tolerate a variety of beliefs and practices.

The first duty of the state is to seek the common good, the general welfare of its citizens. This common good cannot be achieved in the midst of religious strife, rivalries, hatreds, injustices. Where several religions are firmly established in the same territory there is only one reasonable course for the state: complete religious freedom, with liberty and equality for all. Religious lib-

erty is absolutely necessary in America, and always will be, as far as we can possibly foresee; and it matters not who is in the majority. It is required by wisdom and justice; without it the state could not realize its purpose.

Even the most Catholic state in the world must in justice recognize and respect: 1. the sincere and honest convictions of its people; 2. the inviolability of their consciences; 3. the injustice of trying to force them against their consciences; and 4. the violations of charity which are involved in disturbing the honest consciences of people to no purpose.

The Catholic Church in our country has spoken out strongly against the social, economic, and racial injustices which make second-class citizens of part of our nation. She would be turning back against her own teachings if she were to make non-Catholics second-class citizens once she came to power.

Tolerance in society is as much a matter of civilization as of religion. It expresses a general refinement of morals, an advancing maturity of concepts, and a deepening of ethical culture. For that reason it is not fair to hold Catholics today responsible for the actions of generations long vanished. The cruelties of former centuries disgust the modern Catholic as well as the modern Protestant. And it should be noted that the ancestors of both were about equally guilty in those fratricidal struggles which followed the

Reformation and make the ugliest pages in Christian history.

To sum it up, I am sure that if the United States became strongly Catholic tomorrow, there would probably be more encouragement of Catholic schools, stricter laws on divorce, and maybe, just maybe, more censorship of movies; but there would be no restriction of that traditional American freedom of believing, worshiping, and practicing religion in accordance with the dictates of conscience.

Now again, Mr. Somerville, even if you accept that statement, I have not fully answered your question. Real tolerance does not result from government guarantees; it proceeds from an attitude of the people, of society in general. The remaining question, then, is this. If we Catholics were in the majority would we be personally and collectively tolerant towards those in the minority who disagree with us? Official freedom under the Constitution would not make you happy if your Catholic neighbors all treated you with cruelty or condescension.

There is, I believe, a suspicion fairly widespread that basic Catholic teachings do not really permit tolerance, or at least do not encourage it. We are thought to be driven by a pervading fervor to conquer men's minds and wills, because it is contrary to our conscience to let error exist untrammelled.

This suspicion may be encouraged by Catholic firmness on the

rightness of truth and the wrongness of error. The Church is a teacher of religious truth, and she is intolerant of religious error, even as the teacher of mathematics is intolerant of error in addition. Can you imagine a mathematician being tolerant of the proposition that two plus two equals five?

By its very nature, truth is intolerant, even as goodness is intolerant. Goodness will not accept evil and call it good. Truth will not accept error under its own emblem. It would be ridiculous for the Church to accept truth and error on the same plane and hold them equal. She would run herself out of business as a teacher of the truth. She would agree that all religions are equally true, and therefore equally false. Consequently she would admit that she teaches a false religion. What a teacher!

The Church is careful not to encourage that prevalent indifference which has us all going to the same heaven by different routes all comparably good. She is anxious to avoid that confusion on the subject of tolerance which would attribute to rational men an inherent natural right to be wrong. She recognizes that we have the capability and the psychological freedom to be wrong, just as we have the ability to sin. But we have no more right, before God, to be wrong than we have to commit sin.

If we are to keep clearly to the subject, we should define the mean-

ing of tolerance. It is "patient forbearance in the presence of an evil which we are unable or unwilling to prevent." It does not mean that we accept the evil as good, or that we close our eyes and ignore it. We recognize it for what it is, but deliberately choose to let it run its course.

In religious tolerance we make a clear distinction between the error itself, and the person who is in error. The basic reason for religious tolerance is that we love and esteem the erring person, and even as we condemn his error, we recognize his sincerity and respect his conscience.

Real tolerance does not look down on the erring person with pride or pity. We accept such a one as a man with convictions firm and reasoned as our own—but wrong. We know that innocent error can produce firm certitude; and experience teaches us that good faith should be presumed.

We are tolerant because God alone is the judge of a man's conscience; and it well behooves man's fellow man to give him the benefit of doubt.

We are tolerant out of a sense of fairness, on the sound basis of give and take. We demand and hope that other people will respect our religious convictions. We must do unto them in like manner.

We are tolerant that our charity may reflect the immeasurable love of God, who tolerates countless evils in the world.

We are tolerant in imitation of Jesus Christ, whose love led Him to forgive the sinner, and who advised that the cockle be allowed to grow with the wheat until the harvest.

Tolerance is the exercise of fundamental Christian virtues: love, justice, patience, kindness. We love our neighbor for the love of God. We love him even though he is a sinner—or a heretic. And usually we should love the heretic before the sinner, because he is more sincere and honest and well-intentioned—a better person.

Tolerance reflects a mature soul, with wisdom, charity, nobility, and benevolence. The person of wide experience, who knows the world and the ways of men, and has acquaintance with the finer things of life, is not inclined to be intolerant. It is the narrow, prejudiced, small-minded person who hunts heretics.

Jonathan Swift spoke contemptuously of those who have "enough religion to make them hate one another, and not enough to make them love one another." A person such as those is religiously immature. His intellect has not developed enough for him to appreciate the prevalence of error and the lucidity of its argu-

ments. His emotions have not matured enough to leave his intellect free. Fears, prejudices, and hates plague him. He dares not project himself in sympathy into the other man's position; he is too insecure in his own faith. He is selfish in demanding that everyone agree with him; and he secretly fears that diversity will undermine his own convictions.

Intolerance is a matter of personality rather than of religion. We readily condemn hatred and narrowness in others. But even if we were to recognize these traits in ourselves we would find good rationalizations to justify them. Envy, greed, jealousy, and fear foment intolerance; and these vices feed on ignorance and prejudice. Catholics have no monopoly on these defects.

Catholics and Protestants in America share the same civilization, education, moral ideals, and social background. We should expect as much tolerance from the one as from the other. For that reason I firmly believe that if proportions were reversed overnight the Protestants would be at least as free and equal in Catholic America tomorrow as the Catholic is in Protestant America today.

OUTFACED

In one of the Lincoln-Douglas debates, it is said, Douglas accused Lincoln of being two-faced. Without hesitation or change of expression Lincoln calmly replied, "I leave it to my audience. If I had two faces, would I be wearing this one?"

Farmer's Digest (Nov. '56).

Hynes and Rogers, the Trendex Raters

*They tell TV stars whether or
not people are watching them*

EDWARD G. HYNES, JR., and Robert B. Rogers, joint owners of Trendex, Inc., have had the satisfaction of seeing the name of their company become one of the most potent words in the language for television folk.

Whisper "Trendex" to a TV star and he'll probably either flash a serene grin or mutter grumpily, "Well, I can explain that—" Trendex ratings are now the most widely known gauge of the comparative popularity of television shows.

After Jackie Gleason returned to "live" television last fall (opposite Perry Como, who had outstripped the filmed Jackie in the ratings), the first thing he asked about was his show's Trendex. Steve Allen's front-page falling-out with Ed Sullivan was triggered by a rating rivalry. Sullivan has confessed in a magazine article that he "dies a thousand deaths" waiting for his Trendex rating, because, he says, "your rating is the entire expression of your work."

Georgie Jessel, soon after his program *Comeback* was dropped from the ABC network, lashed out at the



Hynes

Rogers

whole rating system. Jessel called the ratings superficial, arbitrary, tyrannical.

"Not so," say Hynes and Rogers. "All we do is count the votes."

Trendex ratings are based on a 15-city sample of viewers' preferences. In those cities, 350 girls make 169,000 calls during the first week of every month to determine what percentage of the television audience is watching each program. Last fall Trendex made 1,600 phone calls to arrive at the information that Jackie Gleason's premiere rated a score of 28.7 as against Perry Como's 21.8.

"All those calls were made during the 60 minutes the two programs were on the air," Hynes explains. "Ordinarily we call about 800 television-equipped homes for every half-hour show we are testing.

"Gleason's 28.7 simply meant that of 1,600 homes where television sets were turned on, 28.7% were turned to his program. Another 21.8% were turned to Como. A difference of 1.5 or 2.0 is usually not significant, but as the margin grows beyond that you get a decisive contrast in the popularity of two shows."

Trendex gets out its anxiously awaited reports the morning after the program has been televised. It is the only rating organization that moves that fast. The American Research bureau in Washington, D. C., started an "overnight national" rating in 1956, but gave it up.

Practically everybody of importance in the business now subscribes to Trendex. That includes NBC, CBS, and ABC; U. S. Steel, the Chrysler Corp., and Colgate; J. Walter Thompson, Young & Rubicam, and McCann-Erickson. In all, Trendex has upwards of 150 clients.

But it wasn't always like that. Hynes and Rogers launched Trendex in 1950. The business, says Hynes, went "like a lead balloon" for a while; during their first year, they got just enough jobs to keep their heads above water. Then some research people at NBC gave them a valuable suggestion. They pointed

out that in some of the 20 Trendex cities there was only one television station.

"Your report is neither fish nor fowl," they told Hynes and Rogers. "What we need is a report comparing NBC audiences with those of CBS and ABC. Trendex should report only on cities where the three networks have stations, where the public has a choice of what to watch."

Rogers and Hynes then pared their list of cities to ten. (Later, the number was increased to 15, as five cities added a third channel.) As a result of the change, NBC became a client.

"The day after NBC joined up," the boys recall, "CBS called up to say they'd like to buy our reports. And the very next day, ABC came into the fold."

Both Hynes and Rogers had youthful ambitions of becoming doctors. Ed Hynes' dad and brother are physicians. Ed got through pre-medical work at Holy Cross, but the Long Island College of Medicine advised him that he might be happier in another occupation. During the 2nd World War, he served with the army air force in New Guinea.

Bob Rogers put in a year at Amherst. When the war came along he went into the navy, married, and had a child; after that, he figured it was too late to start a medical career.

Ed and Bob joined C. E. Hoop-

er's radio-survey organization within weeks of each other in 1945. Hooper was famous for his "Hooperatings," based on phone calls to radio listeners in 36 key cities. As Hooper trainees, they had adjoining desks. Today, they don't bother with separate offices at Trendex; they're in the same room, with desks only a few paces apart.

They recall that even in radio's palmy days, rating experts weren't always popular with some broadcasting stars. The late Fred Allen, who was once knocked out of the top rating by a quiz program, cracked that he had given Hooper the first nickel he had used for a phone call to find out what program was most popular. When the remark reached its victim, Hooper mailed a check for 5¢ to Allen.

In 1950, Hooper sold his company to A. C. Nielsen, another rating researcher. Hynes proposed that Rogers join him in starting a business of their own. When Rogers seemed reluctant, Ed said, "Well, if you won't come along, I'll go it alone." Rogers decided to go along.

With only \$1,400 between them to make a start, they rented a sublet office on Madison Ave. in New York City. Today Trendex is located on a high floor at a fashionable 5th Ave. address. Hynes is president; Rogers, executive vice president.

At the start, Hynes and Rogers had Western Union make the survey phone calls at a rate of 12½¢

each. But when the price was raised to 24¢ a completed call, they decided that they couldn't afford it. They began to employ their own help, in such metropolitan areas as Chicago, Baltimore, Minneapolis and St. Paul, New York, Philadelphia, Detroit, Atlanta, and Dallas and Fort Worth. Many of the women who make the calls today are housewives; others are shut-ins. Their work is checked by field supervisors.

When a girl makes a call for Trendex, she asks a series of questions. 1. "Was anyone in your home looking at television just now?" 2. "What program, please?" 3. "What station, please?" 4. "How many men, women, or children are watching that program just now?" (Sometimes, instead of that last question, she will ask, "What is being advertised?") When television hasn't been mentioned at all, she will ask, "Do you have a television set?"

Answers to the first question help establish the percentage of television sets being used. Share of the total audience enjoyed by specific programs is revealed by answers to the second and third questions. Replies to the fourth question show the composition of the audience watching a show, or provide data for determining "sponsor identification," that is, the extent to which viewers know who is paying for the show.

On the first "program-popularity report" put out by Trendex, in October, 1950, the name that led all

the rest was Milton Berle. His *Texaco Star Theater* racked up a tremendous 60.2. Runners-up were *Fireside Theater*, with 44; *Godfrey's Talent Scouts*, with 40.4; and Ed Sullivan's *Toast of the Town*, with 39.2.

In June, 1955, when *The \$64,000 Question* first went before the television cameras, it was Trendex that found that 86.8% of the viewers were able to identify Revlon as the sponsor. In second place in the sponsor identification ratings was Groucho Marx, who puts on *You Bet Your Life* for DeSoto-Plymouth. The Revlon percentage was surprising, because first place in the sponsor identification race is usually captured by a show that has been on the air for some time.

To learn more about the sponsor's impact on the public, an advertiser can turn to an affiliate of Trendex called Qualitative Research, Inc., headed by Jack Boyle. Boyle resigned from his post as vice president and television-research director of Daniel Starch & Staff in October, 1955, to become president of Qualitative. Among other services, this organization tells sponsors what percentage of the people watching a given show give attention to the commercials. And the advertiser can learn, within 36 hours, just what people like or dislike about the commercials.

One survey of audience composition by Trendex turned up the fact that a certain "situation comedy"

was most frequently tuned in, not by mother or dad, but by the children in the house. Since the program was sponsored by a cigarette advertiser, Trendex reported that the advertiser "was not even coming close to reaching his potential customers."

Early in 1955, Trendex was asked by the Archdiocese of New York to determine how many youngsters ordinarily watched the evening show called *Medic*. Trendex found that a large percentage of the show's audience was made up of children. The archdiocese then called on the network to cancel an upcoming installment that was to include an actual childbirth scene. It turned out that the sequence was also regarded as objectionable by the network's continuity acceptance group. The episode was revised to eliminate the offending scene.

Hynes and Rogers now live about 15 minutes (by car) from each other; Hynes in Wilton, Conn., and Rogers in Westport. Each has five children. The partners share a strong interest in and devotion to Blessed Martin de Porres, the saintly Negro Dominican. Each year a share of the Trendex profits goes to a little mission church for Negroes in Birmingham, Ala.

"You might almost say that Blessed Martin has been a third partner in our enterprise," muses Hynes. "We are convinced that we owe a great deal to his intercession. I'm sure we kept above water that first

crucial year largely because of our novenas in his honor."

Bob Rogers recalls how earnestly he invoked the aid of Blessed Martin on the occasion of the very first job undertaken by Trendex. The client was Eugene McCabe, advertising director of Tidewater Associates. He wanted a report on his company's television program, *Broadway to Hollywood*. The show's rating turned out to be so low that Rogers was reluctant to show McCabe the figures, fearing that Trendex might lose its sole client. But when McCabe saw the figures, he

gave a nod of satisfaction. "Just what I thought," he said, and went off to make some changes.

Like other researchers in the field of public response to entertainment, the Trendex boys dream of ever greater refinements in survey techniques. "But even if we could instantaneously measure the brain waves of every viewer," says Rogers, "we couldn't hope to please everybody. Remember Abe Burrows' definition of a rating? He said it's a figure 'which tells you the size of your audience, and which is completely inaccurate if it is too low.'"



PEOPLE ARE LIKE THAT

A few years ago I developed a heart condition. Our doctor said, "Fortunately, yours is one of those cases that we can now correct by surgery. However, it is absolutely necessary that you do no work of any kind for at least six weeks following the operation."

"But doctor, I have four children! Two of them are just babies. My husband has to be away all day at his job, and we can't possibly afford to hire outside help. Isn't there some less radical treatment?"

"I'm sorry. I cannot answer for the consequences if you do not have the operation."

What was the right course? Should I have the surgery and neglect my children; or run the risk of leaving them altogether? The problem was too big for me, so I put it up to God. Then things began to happen. Two neighbor women took complete charge of the house. One friend did all the laundry for about nine weeks. Another group spent every Wednesday cleaning my house. All these women had their own families to care for, but none would accept a penny. Many people sent in food; my husband's co-workers donated blood for transfusions, priests offered Masses for me; everyone we knew prayed for us. Every day brought cards, flowers, candy, cheery letters.

I recovered in short order. I told my doctor of my amazement at this great outpouring of kindness. He shook his head. "I see it all the time. People are like that," he remarked.

Mrs. Ralph H. Young.

[For original accounts, 100 to 200 words long, of true incidents that illustrate the instinctive goodness of human nature, \$10 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts cannot be acknowledged nor returned.]

Our Smallest Minority



The U. S. Indian population is under 400,000. The Indians once owned all the rich acres between our borders. Now, after a century of governmental mismanagement, they are our poorest, smallest minority.

Half the school-age Navajos have been unable to get an education because Uncle Sam failed to provide schools. Inadequate medical care has meant high mortality. Now the future looks brighter to Navajos: discovery of oil on their lands will double tribal income this year.

Little Chief Pine Tree (John Bowanie) is studying law for FBI career.



Msgr. Bernard A. Cullen, director of the Marquette league, which aids Catholic Indian missions and provides scholarships for Indian boys.



High-school scholarship winner Hummingbird meets Swiss Guards at the Vatican before being granted a private audience with the Pope.



Four Pueblo "braves" in colorful ceremonial dress arrive in New York City. They won a scholastic "good conduct" trip from St. Catherine's Indian school in Santa Fe, N. M.



Marquette League Photos

Valentino Taos Peak plans to become a rancher after graduation from St. Catherine's Indian school.

By Ralph Land

The Diocesan Marriage Tribunal

Humor and heartbreak confront it often

A LEAN MAN in his 50's sauntered into the office of one of the priests connected with the Diocesan Tribunal of a big-city American diocese. He was attired in a gray flannel business suit and a ten-gallon hat. He was without the usual parish letter of introduction, and his first words were, "I'm innocent."

When questioned, the man revealed that he had been married 25 years. He thought he was now entitled to an annulment because he was positively innocent of any wrongdoing in his married life. After learning that the marriage was perfectly valid, the priest informed him that the Church would never sanction such a proposal, since there were no grounds for an annulment.

The tribunal, typical of its kind in other large dioceses, encounters many misconceptions held by Catholics who seek its help either in rendering a marriage null or dissolving it.

Some Catholics think that marriage is something that can be forgiven, like a sin. But they are quickly disabused of the idea when it is pointed out that marriage is a sacrament, the bond of which the

Church is powerless to sever (unless it be of a nonsacramental nature or has never been consummated) because Christ has decreed, "What therefore God hath joined together, let no man put asunder." What the Church does in an annulment is to acknowledge that a true marriage has never taken place.

Some 1,500 cases are referred yearly to this big-city tribunal. Its permanent staff of ten priests (seven of whom have their doctorates in canon law, one his licentiate, and two, baccalaureates) conduct interviews daily, except Sundays, holidays, and legal holidays.

Many cases are settled informally by a simple procedure because they involve Catholics not married before a priest. The assistant chancellors (as they are called) are authorized by the bishop to grant a declaration of nullity after examining evidence that establishes Catholic Baptism and education and the absence of a Catholic ceremony. Affidavits concerning relevant facts are taken from both parties and witnesses by the use of printed questionnaires.

Other dioceses may have a different arrangement concerning the declaration of nullity because of

"defect of form." The officialis (presiding justice of a tribunal), the chancellor, or some other official may be delegated by the bishop to effect the nullity.

In the big-city tribunal some informal cases require a short judicial procedure, wherein the final decision is given by the bishop alone. For instance, a girl, three weeks after her marriage, heard her husband talking in his sleep about another wife and children. When she reproached him in the morning, he said, "You can't believe what a man says when he's dreaming."

The next night he started to talk again. This time she had pencil and paper ready, and prodded him in his somnolent state for the name and address of his first wife. He mentioned a street number in a large city 100 miles away.

At breakfast, she said nothing. When he left for work, she traveled to seek his first wife. Her suspicions were confirmed. When her husband came home, two detectives were waiting to charge him with bigamy.

The tribunal probed the previous marriage and found it valid. After the investigation was over, the defender of the bond declared that he could find no objection against a declaration of the nullity of the marriage. The woman was, then, free to marry.

If a solemn trial becomes necessary, as in cases of certain grounds of nullity which are intrinsically

difficult to prove, canon law requires that the petition be processed by a very formal, complicated procedure.

The presiding justice at the tribunal court is known as the officialis. He has an assistant, the vice officialis, who may take over as presiding judge in a particular case. Two other priests are assigned; one to act as "defender of the marriage bond" and the other as "procurator advocate" for the plaintiff. The respondent is also given a procurator advocate if he so wishes. The two other judges required by law are selected, in turn, from a panel of judges chosen by the bishop. Special cases may require that more than three judges be present. The officialis or vice officialis generally, but not always, writes the final decision.

The plaintiff submits a petition. The court, after examining the contents, decides whether it is to be admitted for consideration. A joinder of issues takes place in which the court determines the precise point to be decided, namely, whether it can be proved that grounds exist for declaring the marriage null.

The plaintiff is then advised to depute as his procurator advocate a priest connected with the tribunal. The proofs are then gathered. Both parties and all possible witnesses are questioned by the tribunal.

Questions for the interrogation are drawn up in writing beforehand by the defender of the bond. The judge puts these queries and may

add others. Both advocate and defender of the bond may submit further questions to be asked by the judge at his discretion.

A notary must be present. He takes down in writing the answers of the witnesses. The final decision is made on the basis of the record. In addition to the hearing of witnesses, documents or other relevant proofs may be sought in certain cases. If it is necessary, the tribunal will also call for the aid of experts, specialists in gynecology, urology, or psychiatry, to study the record or examine the parties.

The advocate writes a brief, setting forth the law which applies to this particular case, and brings forth every argument he can find in the evidence for the nullity of the marriage. The defender of the bond marshals opposing argument in law and in fact against the request for a nullity decision.

Replies may be written to the pro-and-con briefs. Tribunal law gives the defender of the marriage bond the last word.

The three judges study the record, typed in triplicate, which runs to about 100 pages. They meet on a designated day to discuss their opinions and arrive at a decision, usually unanimous. A majority always rules. The verdict is then written by one of the three judges appointed by the others, stating fully the reasons for the final judgment.

If the decision upholds the mar-

riage, the plaintiff has the right to appeal the case to a higher court—the Tribunal of the Archdiocese, or the Sacred Roman Rota in Rome. If the decision of the first court is that the marriage is null, the law obliges the defender of the bond to appeal against the decision. The plaintiff or respondent may not marry again until two separate courts have decided the marriage was null. If two tribunal courts differ, the case is sent to the Holy See for final disposition.

Unusual cases crop up from time to time. A woman said that during her honeymoon trip her husband began to act strangely on the sixth day after the wedding. He started to drive his car recklessly, and insisted on riding the white line. He spoke incoherently and gave money away with irresponsible abandon. Finally he was seized by two off-duty police officers, and jailed; he was later confined in a mental hospital.

The woman sought an annulment. The main question for the tribunal to decide was whether or not the husband was mentally incompetent on the day of the marriage. If he was sane that day, and only became insane later, the marriage bond would have to stand.

The tribunal learned that the husband had been in a mental hospital when he was 15½. His mother had become alarmed at his alternate crying and laughing spells, and reported his abnormal behavior. He

was diagnosed then as a manic-depressive.

During his post-marriage hospitalization, he was diagnosed as suffering from catatonic dementia praecox. The tribunal questioned plaintiff and respondent (who was home with his parents after hospital release). Members of both families and close friends were questioned. His hospital records were subpoenaed, and a transcript was included in the acts.

Two Catholic psychiatrists were appointed by the tribunal to report their opinion of the competency of the husband to give true marital consent. Both agreed he was suffering from catatonic dementia praecox. They were convinced that on the wedding day, despite an external appearance of sanity, the respondent was not sufficiently responsible to bind himself to the serious marital obligations.

The tribunal concurred with the experts and declared the marriage invalid. The defender appealed the case to the archdiocesan tribunal, which, in turn, assented to the nullity. It was not appealed further, and became final. The plaintiff thus became free to marry.

It is sometimes remarked that wealthy and influential Catholics can always obtain a decree of nullity if they wish it. "Not true," said one of the tribunal judges. "One reason why this accusation is made is that generally the papers hear only about cases involving prominent persons.

The tens of thousands of cases involving ordinary persons handled every year in tribunals hardly ever are reported. Why? Because of the secrecy in which the Church handles these cases, to protect the right of privacy, and to prevent embarrassment.

"Church law compels every marriage tribunal to handle without charge the cases of people who cannot pay. For others, the moderate fees cover only part of the expenses of the tribunal. A sizable proportion of people who obtain their freedom pay nothing; furthermore, the tribunal sometimes puts in hundreds of hours of labor where no monetary return is indicated."

Most marriage tribunals run at a loss of thousands of dollars annually. The undertaking has to be subsidized regularly by the bishop out of diocesan funds.

Where there is doubt about how canon law applies to a particular case, the tribunal may refer it to Rome. The Sacred Congregation of the Sacraments in Rome and the Supreme Sacred Congregation of the Holy Office will handle other kinds of cases, such as petitions for a dissolution of marriage because it was allegedly not consummated, or certain nonsacramental marriages which involve converts. Only Rome can authorize the bishop to make an investigation in a case of non-consummation and only Rome can give the final decision. Between 25 and 30 cases are sent there yearly

from this big-city diocesan tribunal.

Where cases are judged in a tribunal by the formal procedure, it usually does not take longer than two years from the time a petition is accepted until a decision is granted. Once the case reaches a court of appeal, it is imperative that a decision be reached within a year after the appeal.

Lay persons sometimes complain about long delays. One of the pro-synodal judges explained, "The Church has to safeguard the sanctity of marriage. It has, therefore, of necessity set up complicated procedures which require time. They involve the rounding up and interrogation of witnesses.

"One of the greatest difficulties is that a tribunal cannot compel respondents or witnesses like a civil court. We often run into uncooperative people. Many times, witnesses may live in various parts of the world. Since all the solemn cases are studied very carefully, much time is unavoidably consumed."

The Church infrequently, only in cases of extreme need, consents to a civil divorce "to insure protection from molestation; where there is no other way to protect the Catholic education of a child; or to assure alimony, or the like." But, even in these cases, the Church insists that civil divorce does not mean permission to enter another marriage. This is permitted only if a Church tribunal proves that the first marriage was null and void

from the beginning, or if, in certain rare cases, the Church can dissolve the first marriage.

What grounds does the Church recognize for the dissolution of a marriage? A dissolution is decreed: if a marriage was never consummated by marital relationship; for presumed death of the former spouse; and under the Pauline privilege, extended to a convert in a marriage which was valid but not a sacrament because the spouses were not baptized.

An example of the last was the case of a Chinese plaintiff, a convert, now a permanent resident of the U. S. He had contracted a marriage while a pagan, with an older Chinese girl in China. He expressed his desire before the Curia for permission to marry a Catholic and the right to dissolve his previous alliance.

He claimed that he had no record of his marriage, which was performed in a simple Buddhist ceremony at a family dinner. A few months later, he and his wife separated, when his mother learned that the woman had been married before.

The tribunal could get no definite information about the validity of the prior marriage of the wife; she was behind the iron curtain and could not be reached. Thus, a declaration of nullity could not be granted.

Nevertheless, testimony was gathered from Hong Kong which indicated with reasonable certainty that

both parties had been pagan and unbaptized. With this information, the bishop was able to dissolve the marriage and permit the Chinese convert to enter into a new, valid marriage with a Catholic.

The bishop's action was based on the Pauline privilege: "If any brother hath a wife that believeth not, and she consent to dwell with him, let him not put her away. . . . But if the unbeliever depart, let him depart. For a brother or sister is not under servitude in such cases" (I Corinthians 7, 12-15). By this privilege, a marriage between two unbaptized persons can be dissolved if one party later receives Baptism while the other remains unbaptized, and either departs from the converted partner or refuses, for religious or moral reasons, to continue the union in peace.

What are the main grounds for nullity according to the law of the Church? A Catholic who was not

married by a priest; a union by a priest not authorized to perform a marriage; failure to have the required number of witnesses; parties below recognized matrimonial age (boys, 16; girls, 14); the bond of a previous marriage still in existence when another one is contracted; disparity of worship between a baptized person and a nonbaptized person if the proper guarantees for a dispensation are lacking.

Also, blood relationships within any degree of direct line; certain in-law relationships; incurable sexual impotence which is antecedent to marriage; a solemn vow taken by some Religious not to marry; detention (abduction) of one of the parties at the time of the wedding; coercion, or unjust compulsion, to enter into matrimony; feigned marital consent; intention to exclude obligation to the procreative act; insanity or grave mental illness existing at time of marriage.

WHO CATCHES COLD?

Though the cold strikes virtually everywhere in the world, in the U. S. colds are most prevalent in the North Central states, and Chicago has the dubious honor of having the highest common-cold rate.

The ordinary cold accounts for about 40% of all U. S. illnesses. Adult males average about two colds a year. Women have nearly twice that many. And children average six a year, making them the No. 1 target of the pesky virus.

Here are some other cold facts. People in the lowest income bracket get 60% more colds than the national average—twice the number of those in higher brackets. Oddly, farmers seem more susceptible than others. Small-town dwellers get more colds than city folk. Pacific-coast-area residents have fewer colds than persons in other regions. Fat people on the average have fewer colds than thin ones.

Tide (12 Oct. '56).

By Harry Henderson
Condensed from "Collier's"*

Man on a Diet

Frederick Hoelzel has eaten everything from fur to feathers—or nothing—to solve the riddle of hunger

AT 4 O'CLOCK every morning a thin, graying man rouses himself in his apartment near the University of Chicago. He weighs himself; then he makes coffee, drinking one and a half cups.

Then he makes a test of his grip with a dynamometer, usually registering 75 pounds with his left hand, 97 with his right. After recording these figures and his weight, he chins himself on a hallway bar as many times as he can, usually 18. He then repeats his grip test; generally each hand is stronger by two or three pounds. His routine is all part of a self-experiment with diet.

This bright-eyed, vigorous man is 67-year-old Frederick Hoelzel, one of the most fantastic figures in American science. Since 1908, he has been studying what happens to his body and mind when he eats various substances—and when he doesn't eat at all.

In the interests of science, Hoelzel has eaten sand, gravel, charcoal, glass beads, cotton, steel ball bearings, cork, sponge, feathers, hair,



wool, loam, knots of string, ground nutshells, asbestos, talcum powder, kapok, corncocks, sawdust, wood pulp, powdered coal, cellulose balls, clay, and many other substances. In addition, he has fasted a total of more than 1,000 days. One fast, 41 days, ten hours, was the world's longest under scientific auspices.

A self-trained nutrition specialist, Hoelzel is one of the nation's foremost scientific investigators of fasting and its effects. He is also a fabulous human guinea pig, the subject of studies at the University of Chicago for 40 years. Much of what is known about starvation, hunger, nutrition, and how they affect the body and mind was learned from experiments by and on him.

Through his long fasts, he has ended much confusion about the nature of hunger. He discovered that lack of protein ultimately caus-

*640 5th Ave., New York City 19. Nov. 9, 1956. © 1956, by the Crowell-Collier Publishing Co., and reprinted with permission.

es the stomach to digest itself, creating ulcers. He invented a non-nutritive cellulose flour that is a major aid to millions of diabetics and overweight people.

Hoelzel believes that all our physical and mental powers are affected by nutrition. His preoccupation with food grew out of his impoverished childhood. He was born in Bavaria, May 5, 1889, and brought to America when he was three. He grew up on Chicago's West Side. There, Hoelzel's home life, in rooms shared by his mother, stepfather, and five brothers and sisters, was decidedly unhappy. Young Hoelzel, frightened and depressed, was unable to eat and digest his food. He read Horace Fletcher, who claimed that "habit hunger" (regular meals) crammed our digestive tracts, causing "autointoxication" and indigestion. Fletcher advocated fasting until a "normal appetite, with the mouth watering for food" developed.

Hoelzel decided to try Fletcher's theories. Except for a little fruit and a half cup of milk, he ate nothing for four days. But instead of growing stronger, he became weaker. Neither did he develop a "normal appetite." But when he resumed eating, Hoelzel says, "I experienced a surge of physical and mental elation."

This experience marked the beginning of Hoelzel's life of self-experimentation. He decided to find out if a longer, stricter fast would make the beneficial aftereffects

(which had worn off) last longer.

He started to look for some non-nutritive material that would make fasting easier. Such a material, he thought, would satisfy his stomach cravings without breaking his fast. He tried charcoal, burnt food, bone ashes, but could not down them. Then he tried many other things: moist sand, glass beads, loam, seaweed, seed hulls, cornstalk pith, elderberry and sunflower stalks, broom corn, chalk, flax, ground ivory nuts, rayon, and sponge.

One day in 1916, eight years after he had begun his self-experiments, Hoelzel came across a new book, *The Control of Hunger in Health and Disease*, by Dr. A. J. Carlson. The author reported fasting for five days in his work on hunger. Hoelzel felt that this was not long enough. He sent off a brash letter to Carlson telling of his own experiences.

Carlson asked Hoelzel to attempt a long fast under strict scientific control. The fast lasted 15 days. It and Carlson's work demolished Fletcher's claims. The most important finding was that so-called "hunger contractions" of the stomach occurred every four hours throughout the fast, although most previous fasters had claimed they never felt hunger pains after the first day or two.

Carlson demonstrated the persistence of the contractions by having Hoelzel swallow a balloon which was then inflated in the stomach.

The contractions, squeezing the balloon, caused a needle attached to a manometer to register their force on a roll of paper. Carlson called these contractions "hunger." But Hoelzel, considering this too mechanical an explanation, disagreed. In a letter appended to Carlson's report, he insisted that hunger was a "complex phenomenon . . . originating from the chemical blood and tissue state."* Later, he proved it.

In 1928, Hoelzel moved into the University of Chicago laboratories to further his studies of hunger. He learned what happens inside the fasting stomach: it acts precisely like the digesting, food-laden stomach. The so-called "hunger contractions" were simply the emptying actions of the stomach. His studies showed that gastric acidity is highest when the contractions occur, which explains why some persons have "hunger nausea." The contractions themselves are simply the rubbing of the stomach's opposite walls upon each other; this is why the sensation ceases when the stomach is filled.

His studies also showed that protein is the main factor in preventing the stomach from digesting itself, or ulcerating. Hoelzel's findings showed that the condition of the body's tissues and nervous system, rather than contractions of the stomach, determines hunger.

One aspect of eating which Hoelzel uncovered may be of value to

both undernourished and overweight people. To combat undernourishment and nervous conditions, he suggests that the principal meal be eaten late in the day. But "when someone is overweight and has trouble dieting," he says, "the principal eating should take place early in the day. This produces satiety during the rest of the day."

Since his record-breaking 41-day fast, Hoelzel has given up prolonged fasts and also any hope that permanent rejuvenation can be gained from them. "The benefits are purely temporary," he says. "Moreover, after you are 35, the benefits are increasingly limited. Old persons should not attempt fasting at all."

Since 1942, however, Hoelzel has been interested in the effect of intermittent fasting on longevity. In one series of experiments, he showed that, at least in rats and probably in man, the life span can be increased some 20% by intermittent fasting, feeding two days out of three.

Hoelzel does not pause often to reflect on his nearly half century of research; he is usually far too interested in what he's doing at the moment. But when I asked him how he would sum up his work, he hesitated only a few minutes before answering, "I think we've shown conclusively that nutritional self-indulgence impairs physical and mental efficiency. Control of our food intake is our No. 1 problem, and some understanding of the nature of hunger is essential."

*See CATHOLIC DIGEST, July '56, p. 70

The Money Sickness

*Tightwads and spendthrifts
and how they got that way*



IN A SQUALID Boston tenement, where broken windowpanes were stuffed with newspapers to keep out the cold, an 80-year-old woman died of malnutrition.

Under her mattress, police found bank-deposit records and cash amounting to \$85,000. In a near-by tavern, a \$75-a-week clerk, who was behind in his rent and whose children needed shoes, peeled off a \$20 bill to buy drinks for people he had never seen before.

Here are two extreme cases of money sickness, a fairly common ailment. "Money sickness" is a term coined by Dr. William Kaufman of Bridgeport, Conn., to describe the malady resulting from a warped attitude toward money.

The symptoms take many forms: sleeplessness, back pain, paralysis, headache, skin trouble, ulcers, eccentric behavior, anxiety—all of which are usually diagnosed as something else. "Most doctors don't recognize money sickness because they don't know how a patient really feels about money," Dr. Kaufman says, "so they treat symptoms which

may be only secondary manifestations of the real trouble. Actually, we reveal our success or failure in adjusting to life by the way we handle our money."

The 80-year-old woman refused to spend a few dollars for real necessities because of her intense fear of poverty. The official cause of her death was listed as malnutrition, but it was money sickness that prompted her to deprive herself.

The man in the tavern picked up the bar tab because he is a compulsive spender. He cannot restrain himself from throwing his money around any more than an alcoholic can drink with moderation.

Dr. Kaufman arrived at his theories of money sickness by studying the spending habits of 1,000 patients. "Money is more than a medium of exchange," he explains. "It is also a symbol, with one meaning for you and a different one for the next fellow."

To the miser, money is a bulwark against insecurity, emotional as well as financial. He conceals his wealth

*Suite 405, 11 W. 42d St., New York City 26. November-December, 1956. © 1956, by the Kingsway Press, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

behind a cloak of poverty so that no one will try to take it from him. His chief pleasure comes from counting his hoard and watching his bank balance grow. That is why spending, even for necessities, is extremely painful for him; any losses constitute personal tragedy.

This reluctance to spend varies in degree from the miser to the tightwad. The latter always buys the cheapest, regardless of quality. He will traipse from store to store, trying to make sure that he gets the best bargain, even when the purchase involves only a trifling sum. Rarely will such a person indulge in any luxuries.

If you look into the background of a miser, Dr. Kaufman says, you will probably find that he was deprived of love in his early years. To make up for that loss, he accumulates money and thereby shields himself against a hostile world.

Behind the compulsive spender, on the other hand, may be parents who overprotected him to such an extent that he became defiant and looked about for some way to show independence. Reckless spending was one way to do it.

Some persons spend money to gain affection. Rich old widows who marry young husbands, or fathers who don't know how to get close to their sons, make a bid for love by buying expensive presents. The esteem they buy usually lasts only as long as they continue to spend. What if they run out of

money? Men who lost their fortunes in the 1929 crash faced this problem, and some of them jumped out of windows because they could not face life without their money crutch. Here, money sickness results from immaturity. Such persons never admitted that they were using money to make up for personal inadequacies.

The show-off spender likes to carry a big wad of bills around because it bolsters his ego. Whether he gives a nickel to an urchin, lays a \$10 bill in the church collection plate, or pledges \$500 during a charity drive, he first makes sure that he has an audience. When it comes to private spending, he may be penurious, like the barfly who was slow in mailing his rent check. That same urge for prestige is what makes another person buy a flashy car while he lives in a hovel. Money helps him play a game of pretend.

Intimate profiles of millionaires sometimes tell of their simple tastes and modest way of living. Such men don't think of money in terms of yachts and rare paintings, but for the power it wields.

Grandpa can get by with a spoiled-brat disposition by threatening to change his will. Mink-clad matrons can return merchandise after an unreasonable length of time because they know that the store cannot afford to offend them.

One tycoon was wooed by several money-seeking organizations, all in anticipation of a bequest. Head-

waiters bowed him to the choice table; barbershop porters gave him an extra swish with the whisk broom, even though he never tipped lavishly. He didn't have to spend his money; the mere fact that people knew he had it was enough to insure him special privileges. Ironically, none of the people or organizations who kowtowed to him benefited in his will. He left his entire fortune to his family.

Love also motivates our spending. A young man on a modest salary will squander a week's wages on orchids and steak to impress a girl. She, too, may have to pinch pennies, but she will go overboard on an expensive hat or perfume to attract him.

All of us have irrational moments when we are too cautious or too reckless with money. We'll blow \$10 on a necktie and balk at spending a quarter for a new can opener. This is nothing to worry about.

But if the young man should deceive his girl into believing him to be rich, his extravagances would have deeper implications. In such cases, money loses its real meaning and becomes a symbol of something else. In this instance, the man would be counting on money to win his girl instead of depending on his personality. The resulting inner conflict could cause him physical illness.

Our attitudes about money are so deep-seated that we may not be aware of their origins. Culture, religion, and personal goals in life

all play a part in shaping our feelings about money.

A child brought up in an austere community, where no one aspires to wealth, will have a point of view different from that of a youngster who comes from a neighborhood in which swimming pools and ermine wraps are regarded as necessities.

A burning desire to reach a goal may lie behind a person's deliberate choice of a frugal manner of living. The medical student who needs a certain sum to complete his education doesn't mind orange-crate furniture or a diet of beans if such economies make it possible for him to achieve what he wants most: the right to practice medicine.

Children discover the power of money early in life. Before he goes to school, a child learns that money can be traded for candy or marbles. His parents probably are generous with him when he is good and withhold things from him when he is naughty. He begins to associate money with their approval. Later, he compares what he has with what others have. If he does not fare as well as his friends, he may feel antagonistic toward his parents or the world at large, and go through life with a down-with-the-rich attitude.

To encourage a healthy regard for money, Dr. Kaufman recommends that parents give each child plenty of love. They should also make sure that he has a true understanding of the family's financial position. Then if they have to re-

fuse him a bicycle, he will understand the real reason and won't mistake it for a withholding of love.

What is a well-balanced attitude toward money?

Here are Dr. Kaufman's ideas, which hold true regardless of the size of income. "Plan your spending so as to take care of necessities, at the same time putting something aside for emergencies. Earmark a certain sum to spend on trifles, so that you can indulge yourself now and then without feeling guilty about it.

"Maintain as high a standard of living as your income allows, but don't overreach. Keep your credit rating good. Invest without specu-

lation. When necessary, be willing to make economic sacrifices for others. Always adjust your spending to income rather than to desires.

"Just as odd in some eyes as the money-sick people I've studied is a neighbor of mine who just bought a city lot to indulge his hobby of raising vegetables. With the money it took, he could have bought a fancy car or taken a trip to Europe. But he isn't depriving anyone who depends on him; his wife approves because she also enjoys gardening; and his hobby gives him more pleasure than a new automobile or a vacation trip.

"I call that a wise use of money," says Dr. Kaufman.



LIGHT OF THE WORLD

I am a seagoing scientist and spend much time on the open ocean. One of the tasks to which my ship is assigned is to find clues on how hurricanes are formed. Sometimes we sail very close to developing storms, so, as you see, my work is not entirely free of danger.

To keep my mother from worrying as I left for a long autumn cruise, I tried a feeble joke. I called back, "Don't forget to leave a light burning in the window."

My mother missed the joke and wondered what I meant. To settle all doubts she took me literally. Now there is always a light burning in her window, which faces on the sea.

It's a large votive candle. Through each night her prayer for me burns steadily, a light to guide her sailor home. And each night, as I step out on deck, the stars remind me that Heaven has been asked to watch over me. And off over the horizon, I sometimes think that I can almost glimpse my own star, smiling at me from home.

Nicholas Rosa.

The Map That Can't Be Made

Old Earth won't sit still for his portrait

BETWEEN 1926 and 1935, San Diego, Calif., and Washington, D. C., moved 40 feet closer together. During the same period, Vancouver and Ottawa shifted 19 feet farther apart. These findings of the International Astronomical union suggest that the earth is far from stable; that seas, mountains, and even continents are slowly shifting their positions.

The fact that geographical locations will not stay put is only one of the reasons why experts suspect that no man will ever come close to making an exact, all-purpose map of the world. Principles of mapping were developed long ago. New techniques have reduced errors, but have not eliminated them.

One difficulty is the fact that to locate positions or to measure distances on our planet, a point of reference far from the earth is necessary. Another is that even if our vast ball could be measured with absolute accuracy, we would still encounter insuperable problems in transferring findings to flat sheets of paper.

Ideas about the world's shape and size were already highly developed when man first learned the art of writing. Wise men of several cul-



tures had the same broad theories about the earth. In Egypt and Babylonia, in Israel and Greece, it was conceived of as flat and small. Seers agreed that the world was wholly surrounded by water. Homer sang of the deep under the name Oceanus; he thought of it as an ocean-river in constant motion. Some thought of the earth as circular; others described it as square or oblong. All accepted the view that it was covered by an inverted bowl or dome which regulated rain.

As early as the 4th century B. C., however, some observers were calling attention to the fact that the earth's shadow, clearly visible when it falls on the moon, is invariably curved. Sailors knew that sails come into view long before it is possible to see lower sections of ships. Astronomers knew that some stars low in the skies over Egypt and Cyprus disappear from sight when the heavens are studied from northern lo-

cations. Such phenomena suggested that our planet is a sphere.

By 350 B. C., Aristotle was teaching his students that the earth is a huge ball spinning about an axis tipped slightly away from the perpendicular. Circumference of the planet, he said, is about 45,000 miles. In spite of errors in estimating size of the world, understanding of its true shape laid the basis for modern map making.

To produce accurate charts, it was necessary to have a method of locating positions. Since the world as first mapped by Europeans was a rough rectangle with the long dimension running east and west, measurements in that direction were called *longitude* (length). North-south measurements were called *latitude* (width).

Many an early philosopher knew how to find latitude. All that is necessary is to measure the angle between the horizon and some point of reference in the heavens. By using mathematical tables, one can translate differences in latitude into miles, showing north-south distances between points too distant to be measured with a pole or tape. Height of the sun or the pole star above the horizon at the place of observation was the key to determining latitude.

Instruments have been refined many times since Greeks and Egyptians began to establish a network of points whose latitude was known. Until very recent years, however,

there were no advances in theory. North-south distances on most maps were determined by methods that may easily have been familiar to the Magi who brought gifts to the infant Christ.

Longitude is another matter. Earth whirls about its axis in such fashion that there is constant movement toward the east. This fact eliminates the possibility of finding angles in relation to a "fixed" heavenly body. Early map makers considered it impossible ever to find satisfactory methods to measure longitude.

Gradually, however, new ideas raised the hopes of seamen and scholars. Some forgotten genius saw a clue in relationships between time and distance. Every day, a given spot on the earth's surface spins through a full cycle of 360°. Meanwhile, 24 hours elapse. Hence an hour of solar time is equivalent to 15° of longitude. Why not measure differences in time, then translate into degrees, and finally into miles?

In theory, the riddle was solved. Many practical difficulties remained, for there was no way to measure time accurately. Invention of the first reliable pendulum clock, about 1657, led to fairly good checking of east-west distances on land. But pendulums are useless at sea. After a few weeks away from land, it was a rare navigator who could guess the longitude within 200 miles.

Urgency of the question mounted with increased travel to the New

World. Half a dozen nations offered huge prizes for "the discovery of longitude." Men like Christian Huygens, Sir Isaac Newton, and Wilhelm von Leibnitz confessed inability to make east-west measurements at sea. One enthusiast proposed anchoring chains of lightships all the way across the Atlantic; the idea was actually considered by the English Parliament.

Invention of an accurate ship's clock marked a new era in navigation. For the first time, a sea captain could determine his position with reasonable precision. Once latitude and longitude of a great many points were established, map makers would have no troubles.

Or so it seemed. Errors of a dozen miles were not serious in navigating a Yankee clipper or charting an obscure island. But to a pilot guiding a jet plane toward a coral atoll, it is a matter of life and death to have precise knowledge of position. That's why an ambitious program of rechecking longitudes and latitudes will be an important project of the International Geophysical year. Observations will be made at more than a dozen stations scattered around the world. Distances between those stations will be computed within a margin of error not expected to exceed 90 feet.

At present, there is no basis for hope that absolute accuracy can be achieved. Even if it could, a global network of spots measured by astronomy would form only a skele-

ton—not the body—of a world map. Actual physical surveys are necessary to put flesh on the bones.

Surface exploration has always been a major phase of mapping. In the 2nd century, longitude and latitude had been measured at only a few sites. Using these as a base, Claudius Ptolemaeus prepared a famous *Geography* which included 26 maps. Many of their details were based on reports of sailors, merchants, and travelers.

Ptolemy's maps dealt with only a limited portion of the earth's surface, and had numerous major errors. Still, they were the best devised up to that time. For more than 1,000 years, Europeans were largely content to correct and supplement the Egyptian's charts.

Many medieval maps preserved old ideas about the "four corners of

SOUTH POLE METROPOLIS

The U. S. navy has built a "city" of prefabricated huts at the South Pole, as a base for scientific observations during the geophysical year of 1957. The city has six buildings to house scientists and their assistants and equipment. It was built by navy volunteers who were flown in. During the construction period, the South Polar population was 25. Supplies, ranging from tractors to toothbrushes, were dropped with parachutes.

the earth." It was customary to depict the world as flat—though such Churchmen as the 8th-century stalwart, St. Bede the Venerable, certainly did not take this idea literally. Typical charts of the era showed Jerusalem as the center of the world, with east appearing at the top. It is a modern convention to orient most maps so that a line from west to east runs from left to right across the sheet.

Christian pilgrims were responsible for the first guidebooks ever produced. As early as 330 A.D., a veteran traveler wrote a descriptive geography giving directions for the journey from Bordeaux to Constantinople. The 2,200-mile trip required 112 overnight halts and some 230 changes of mounts.

During the Crusades, many improvements were made in maps of the Mediterranean coasts and surrounding lands. Then, in the 13th century, a great outburst of missionary zeal sent Christian envoys into new lands. Pope Innocent IV even sponsored missions to the fabulous Great Khan.

John de Plano Carpini, a disciple of St. Francis of Assisi, was first to go. He set out on Easter Sunday, 1245. After riding more than 3,000 miles in 106 days, the sturdy friar reached the camp of Asia's emperor on the feast day of St. Mary Magdalen. His long journal was the first significant report of physical geography in the vast Tartar empire.

William of Rubruquis, a Franciscan, left Europe late in 1252. He traveled almost continuously for three years, and penetrated as far as Outer Mongolia. His narrative, which yielded new understanding of Asia's geography and people, still makes exciting reading. Four decades later, Joannes de Monte Corvino visited Persia, India, and China. Odoric of Pordenone explored India and Malaya about 1325, and then pushed on to China to visit a chain of Franciscan missions.

Thanks to these and other missionaries, plus adventurers and traders seeking spices and gold, the main outlines of Asia became familiar to all educated Europeans. Discovery of the New World to the west made possible the mapping of most of the coast lines of the earth. Accurate surveys from precisely measured centers were far in the future, however. As late as 1885, it was estimated that 85% of the world's land surface was unmapped.

Since our planet is spherical, an accurate miniature of it must take the same shape. Crude globes were therefore in use from the beginning of the Christian era. But spheres are bulky and clumsy, hard to transport and store. Flat maps offer many advantages—and insuperable problems.

Centuries of patient and often brilliant work have failed to yield a completely satisfactory way of converting information from a globe to a flat map. Distortion results

from elimination of the curvature. In the process of flattening, some portions of the surface are stretched and others are compressed. To understand the difficulties involved, remove an orange peel in two or four sections; then press the pieces flat.

An ideal map would show, without distortion: 1. shape of the planet's surface features; 2. area; 3. distances between points; 4. directions. Mathematicians have devised numerous special ways to "project" data from globes to maps. Projections vary in type of distortion, but all suffer from one kind or another.

Consequently, every map in existence is a compromise. For practical purposes, two possibilities are usually favored. 1. A given map may show a single element, like distance, with high accuracy. Degree of distortion in other elements is comparatively great. 2. It is possible to make maps in which there is distortion in all four elements, but no great margin of error in any one.

Gerhardus Mercator, Dutch map maker of the 16th century, devised the projection most familiar today. It shows markings for both latitude and longitude as straight lines. Distortion increases as higher latitudes are reached. Areas are so greatly magnified there that Greenland seems as large as South America, which is actually nine times the size of the island.

At least one geographer has commented upon ways that maps may

influence thought. Since U. S. publishers long favored Mercator projections centered on the western hemisphere, many an American has grown up regarding his land as the actual center of the world.

Air maps may help dispel that myth, for they give visual evidence that old concepts of distance no longer hold. Flying north from a field in the U. S., one may reach a destination that was long regarded as east or west of the point of origin. A polar flight from Seattle to Copenhagen cuts 2,000 miles off the rail-and-water route.

To show distances accurately, air maps are badly distorted in terms of shapes and areas. A separate air map is necessary for every center from which distances are desired.

Doubts about stability of the earth itself constitute the last, and some think the biggest, group of problems in global map making. Some famous scientists think that the planet's interior is still semifluid, with islands and continents "floating" on the surface.

There is no basis for hope that future generations will take a holiday from map making. Rather, activity is likely to be accelerated as changes take place in such fields as transportation, oil exploration, and uranium mining. By the time a particular degree of accuracy is achieved, a need for greater precision is almost certain to arise. The exact all-purpose map of the world can't be made.

By Vincent Cronin
Condensed from
*"The Wise Man From the West"**

Missioner and Mandarin

*Father Ricci brought the
faith into the Forbidden City*

Father Matteo Ricci was an Italian Jesuit who introduced Christianity to China in the 16th century. He was courageous and dedicated, and a brilliant linguist, geographer, and mathematician. The 27 years of his missionary work were years of uphill fighting for entrance into the forbidden city of Peking and the emperor's palace.

He died in 1610, and was buried in a villa secured from the emperor, a place later to become known as the Chala Catholic cemetery. Now word comes through Hong Kong that the communists are obliterating this cemetery and its oldest tomb, that of Father Ricci.

The following is an account of Father Ricci's last days and death and burial.

SPIRITUAL DIRECTION of the Peking Catholic community, once he had achieved residence there, allowed Father Ricci no time for writing new Chinese books, but his previ-



ous works grew steadily in popularity. And he himself became one of the sights of the capital. His purple-clad figure—full curling beard, long face and nose, even the tall black hat, all emphasizing his height and suggesting eminence—was pointed out with awe and also with affection. It was becoming generally known that despite his wisdom Doctor Li was not grave and distant, but had a cheerful word for everyone and made a point of spending more time with humble visitors than with his intimate friends in the government.

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Time and again Father Ricci became aware of the fact that he had changed the meaning of the word *foreigner* from "contemptible barbarian" to "stranger worthy of special consideration."

His circle of friends, already numbered by thousands, grew still further, while the line clamoring to meet the Far Westerner, to discuss this or that point in religion, mathematics, geography or music, stretched endless as a recurring decimal. In 1609 Ricci perceived with dismay what colleagues had already noticed: that the strain was beginning to weaken his health. Overloaded mind and will rebelled in the form of persistent headaches. His hair and beard were already white; though only 56, he felt old and tired.

Even the persecution of early years had been less exacting than the duties of prosperity at Peking. He was carrying out the work of a dozen hard-working men, and knew for certain that to continue would be to cut short his life. Of the pioneers, Ruggieri had died in 1607, and Valignano a year earlier, while Pasio had left China in 1583 for Japan. When he, the sole survivor, died what record would remain of the early foundations?

He would write the history of the China mission. This history, which he entitled *Della entrata della Compagnia di Giesù e Christianità à nella Cina*, occupied Ricci during his few spare hours of 1609. He had

written a score of short Chinese books, but few gave him as much difficulty as this, because his mother tongue had become alien; before writing letters in Italian, he had for many years been obliged to refresh his memory by reading correspondence from Rome.

When he completed the bulk of the work, it was as though his life were done. What had been achieved in purely human terms? What had he a right to hope would survive him?

In a recent letter, Francis Pasio, as visitor of the Province of Japan and China, had asked Ricci to insure the safety of the mission against the time when he could no longer protect it with his immense personal authority. Night and day Ricci gave his mind to this problem. Pasio asked him, in effect, to obtain authorization to preach Christianity freely in China, his own hope when he had first arrived in Peking. Ricci was reluctant to forward a memorial with this request, believing it might disturb the delicate balance of their present position, and knowing almost for certain that the emperor could not grant so singular a favor contrary to all tradition.

His own experience gave him eight reasons for hope. 1. Miraculous progress in the face of immense difficulties seemed to show that God favored the mission's growth. 2. Reason being prized above all in China, Christianity, a reasonable religion, appealed at an intellectual

as well as supernatural level. 3. The free circulation of books permitted a vast literary apostolate. 4. The Chinese, again by virtue of their intelligence, were open to conviction that Western metaphysics and theology, no less than mathematics and astronomy, were superior to their own. 5. He was convinced, not least from a study of their ancient beliefs, that they were essentially a pious people who had evolved a philosophy conforming, at almost every point, to natural reason. 6. Peace would render Christianity, once established, more or less permanent. 7. By adapting themselves to Chinese psychology and etiquette, missionaries would undoubtedly be accepted as learned and holy men. 8. The system of Confucius provided an admirable ally against the idolatrous sects.

These conclusions he set down in a final letter to Pasio, future strategist of the mission.

Ricci now began to make preparations, to avoid burdening his brethren, for the aftermath of his death. To transport his coffin from Peking to Macao would be costly and impracticable. He would prefer burial in Peking, to symbolize the mission's permanency. In January, he began to look for a piece of frozen ground which could serve as a mission cemetery, even in this final act accommodating himself to Chinese ways. He had almost concluded a bargain for a field outside the city when, inexplicably, negotiations

were broken off. Ricci had come to recognize the deaf-and-dumb language of providence, and when his colleagues questioned him he simply answered, "God will give us a better cemetery."

The year 1610 was one of examinations and homage to the emperor. In April, tens of thousands of magistrates and candidates poured into the northern capital. Twenty visiting books were left at Father Ricci's house every day: on festival occasions, 100. Ricci received all comers, whatever their rank, and within four days repaid their calls. Since earliest days at Wang P'an, the mission had depended for existence on winning by every possible mark of courtesy the friendship of influential mandarins.

Correspondence, too, poured in from unknown men throughout China approving or disputing arguments in his books. They had to be answered personally in highly stylized phrases. Letters had to be written to Europe, to Nanking, Nanchang, Shiuchow, and Macao; Chinese lessons given to a new assistant, Father Sebastian De Ursis; sermons delivered every Sunday; Confessions heard; spiritual advice given. Erection of a church added to Ricci's labors. And at the heart of each day, Mass, his Office, and private devotions gave life and value to his other activities, but demanded also the first fruits of his strength.

Ricci did not flinch. He had prayed for martyrdom; this was an

unbloody, more refined form of death.

Under the Dragon Moon, the evening of May 3, Ricci returned to the mission house after a series of distant calls, and went straight to his room. He removed his square black hat, embroidered slippers, and purple silk robe, and lay down on the hard brick-based *kang*. That night his head throbbed more violently than usual. Rest, instead of restoring order, made of his whole body pandemonium. He knew then that he was dying.

After a sleepless night he received a visit from De Ursis, to whom he confided his foreknowledge. "I don't know which I feel more," he said, "joy at the thought of going to God or sorrow at abandoning you and the mission."

So that he could receive visitors more easily, he was moved from his own bedroom to one near the main entrance. Here on Saturday, May 8, he made a general Confession to De Ursis.

Next morning, for Holy Communion, he rose from the *kang* and knelt. As he recited his last *Confiteor* he again remembered his failings and wept for shame, moving everyone in the room to tears.

That afternoon he became delirious. For a day and a night he spoke distractedly of his converts, of the new church, of bringing the Chinese and the emperor to God. On the evening of the 10th he returned to himself, and asked for Extreme

Unction. He repeated the responses in a clear voice. The following day his four brethren, Father James Pantoja, De Ursis, and two Chinese Brothers, asked his farewell blessing. Ricci gave it. Later, turning on his side, Ricci closed his eyes, and the watchers began to recite prayers for the dying. As the sun sank behind the western gate of Peking, Matteo Ricci died, so calmly that there seemed no transition.

At the request of the Community in Peking, Brother Emmanuel, who had learned the elements of Western art in Macao, painted his late superior's portrait in graduate dress. Even in death, Father Ricci's face retained its color and expression, so that the posthumous canvas destined for posterity was truer to life than a stylized sketch on silk which the emperor possessed.

Leo Li, as the missionary's last spiritual son, provided a simple Chinese coffin of cedar wood three inches thick. Ricci's body was laid in it and the wood sealed with varnish. On May 14, it was carried into the new church.

Afterwards the body was taken back to the largest room and laid before a temporary altar, flanked by candles, the walls hung with white linen. Here all the ministers, members of the Academy, and chief mandarins came to pay their final respects, bowing four times before the coffin. The minister of rites let it be known that the emperor, informed of Ricci's death, had grieved.

Since burial within the walls was forbidden, De Ursis and Pan-toja intended to lay their friend in a field in the suburbs. But a Chinese Christian boldly suggested that they could pay Ricci greater honor and strengthen the position of the mission by obtaining a place of burial from the emperor. It was true that no stranger other than ambassadors and only the greatest Chinese had ever been granted this privilege, but Ricci's life had been exceptional and his gifts were known to have pleased the Son of Heaven.

Leo Li and several other high officials promised to support the plan, but without much hope. A petition was drawn up, and after some delay, to the general astonishment, was approved by the emperor. The missionaries were to be given land for Ricci's burial as well as a new residence on the outskirts of Peking. After several months' search they found a suitable property half a mile from the city, a large modern brick-built house belonging to a eunuch under sentence of death, which had been turned into a private place of worship called Pagoda of Good Doctrine. After a further delay and despite the opposition of the empress, the villa was secured.

Nicolò Longobardo, superior of the Mission of China, came from Shuihing to supervise construction of a cemetery in the garden. At one end a hexagonal brick chapel was built, from either side of which a wall extended, forming an enclosure.

Here a tomb was dug, an idol from the former pagoda being broken up and crushed to make cement for the brick construction of the vault. Here, on the feast of All Saints, 1611, under the Kindly Moon, Ricci was buried, Paul Hsü, a brilliant and fervent convert friend, being one of the four who lowered the coffin.

Above was set a plaque: "To one who loved righteousness and wrote books. To Li Ma-tou, the Far Westerner, from Huang Chishih, governor of Peking." Eastwards in the distance gleamed the yellow roofs of the Forbidden City, but the bustle of the capital was here no more than a vague murmur. Beside the garden soared the rose-red walls of the pagoda converted into a mission house and chapel.

Shortly before his death, Ricci had prophesied that he could best advance the China mission by dying. He foresaw that his body would remain in Peking, part of the Flowery Kingdom, proof that he had come from the ends of the world not to conquer but to give. His Chinese descendants, children born of water and the Holy Spirit, were already numbered by thousands; they would treasure his memory and honor his ideals. His spirit could do more in heaven for the mission than tied to a tired body on earth.

Humility had hidden the full truth. After death, Ricci's fame as a saint eclipsed his status as Father

—De Ursis, Pasio, Cattaneo, and Leo Li all spoke of his sanctity. As the tombs of holy men and women, primitive churches were built on so on his bones the Church of the Middle Kingdom arose.



ANSWERS TO 'NEW WORDS FOR YOU' (PAGE 8)

1. anarchy (an'ar-ki) b) State of society without government.
Was *anarchy* the cause or result of the revolution?

2. monarchy (mon'er-ki) a) A state ruled over by a single person, such as a king.

Monarchy no longer is a fashionable form of government.

3. archfiend (arch'fiend') j) Chief demon, especially Satan; an extremely wicked person.

Stalin was sometimes referred to as an *archfiend*.

4. archipelago (ar-ki-pel'a-go) l) Originally the Aegean: "chief sea" of the ancient Greeks, studded with small islands; hence, any sea with many islands.

Our ship rounded the *archipelago* at noon.

5. patriarch (pa'tri-ark) d) Father who is head and ruler of his family; man regarded as founder, ruler, of a colony or business.

The entire community paid homage to its *patriarch*.

6. matriarch (ma'tri-ark) c) Mother who is head and ruler of her family; woman who governs.

Grandmother Greene presides over her family like a *matriarch*.

7. archon (ar'kon) g) A ruler or presiding officer; a chief magistrate of ancient Greece.

Only one high *archon* still remains to be heard.

8. oligarchy (ol'i-gar-ki) f) Form of government with power vested in a few.

Does an *oligarchy* now rule the Kremlin?

9. archetype (ar'ke-type) h) Chief or original model; pattern.

The psychologist Jung has an interesting theory of *archetypes*.

10. architect (ar'ki-tekt) e) Chief worker; one who designs and oversees construction.

The *architect* submitted his plans.

11. hierarchy (hi'er-ar-ki) k) A body of rulers, especially of ecclesiastics.

Bishop Sheen is a well known member of the *hierarchy*.

12. archives (ar'kivz) i) Place for keeping public documents.

Professor Bunce did research in the Washington *archives*.

(All correct: superior; 10 correct: good; 8 correct: fair)

Give Us This Day

Review by Francis Beauchesne Thornton

ALL WHO ENJOYED the fairy tales of childhood will recall Hans Christian Andersen's *The Snow Queen*. It hinges on the fable of the magician who created a magic mirror. In this glass all the ugliness of human nature revealed itself. No matter how saintly or how kindly a person was, the mirror reflected him as a hideous monster.

One unhappy day the mirror fell and shattered into 10 million pieces. Now, when the winds blow the dust about, people sometimes get specks of the magician's glass in their eyes. Until the glass is removed they can see only ugliness in people.

Of all the storms that blow about the world, war is the worst. Then the eyes of whole nations are filled with specks of the fabled glass. In *Give Us This Day*, Sidney Stewart, a survivor of Bataan, reveals the terrible truth about the treatment of American soldiers captured by the Japanese. Stewart was a captive for over three years. With affecting simplicity he recalls "stark and shocking" details of cruelty and sadism.

The story begins on a note of high beauty. "In the land where

dead dreams go lies the city of Manila, as it was before the war. Manila, where the white man didn't work in the afternoon because it was too hot. Manila, with its beauty and its poverty and its 5¢ orchids.

"What could a soldier do with a handful of orchids if he had no one to give them to? I used to buy those orchids. I'd pay my nickel for them and just stand there awkwardly holding them in my hand. I would run my finger over the satin petals and then, embarrassed, I would give them to the first little girl I met, because there was something very lonely about orchids when you had no one to give them to."

From this point the narrative thunders into action with the speed of an express train. Japanese bombs rain onto the helpless city. Stewart and his soldier companions are soon fighting for their lives in the jungles of Bataan.

The struggle didn't last long. Before they could gather their wits about them, the survivors of Bataan were prisoners.

There was the 17-year-old kid who was afraid to die. Rassmussen, the tough trooper, talked to him this

way: "Now, kid, listen to me. You know, kid, God made this earth we live on. He made these trees, He made everything, and He made man. God put that part in every man that is good. So a man would know the difference when he was doing the right thing and when he wasn't. I guess you know just like I do that some men fail that little part of God inside of themselves. Some men, a lot of us, are just ornery enough to destroy it.

"You ever walked along and seen flowers blooming, and the buds coming out on the trees? You didn't have anything to do with those, did you? But they are there. Something made those possible, and Something never forgets. Every spring, they are there. That's God, kid, and He won't forget you either. If you just believe, you'll go where people are never tired, or scared, or hurt. It's all that simple. If you believe in God, and believe in his Son, why, you haven't got anything to be afraid of. Dying means you've just passed a test."

The march from Bataan was marked by savage brutality. Finally the prisoners were herded into Camp O'Donnell more dead than alive. Here Stewart met again the gentle priest, Father Cummings, who had spent his life working among the Filipinos.

"Father, they say you've been famous all over the world for your statement that there are no atheists in foxholes. They quote it now, it

is said, in the newspapers all over America."

"He didn't answer me. I don't think he even heard. He kept staring at the silent, hopeless faces of the prisoners around him.

"I must work harder," he said with a sigh. "These men need me."

Father Cummings became the buttress of hope among the men until he died. Moderating hatred, consoling the hopeless, Father Cummings towers above the men about him—negligible in his tattered humanity, incredibly great in his flaming qualities of soul.

For a while at Camp O'Donnell life was bearable, but there was always hunger and cruelty. One group of prisoners was herded back to Manila. Here, Ohio, the young kid nicknamed after his state, was murdered because he stole a few potatoes. His requiem was played in the firelight on a borrowed violin by Frankie Francini, the boy from Albuquerque. It was a waltz tune, *Beautiful Ohio*.

With the reconquest of Leyte, horror was stepped up for the American prisoners. Six hundred wrecks of men were herded into the hold of a transport bound for Japan. The space they occupied would not properly have held 200 men. To make things worse, the ship was bombed by American planes. Those who escaped alive were taken back to Manila and put aboard another transport. What ensues defies description. Living on a fistful of un-

cooked rice each day, thirsting for a drop of water, the men just managed to exist.

Here, Father Cummings died. His presence had been the mainstay of the hulks of men who remained.

This is one of the most tremendous human documents to come out of the last war. It is splashed with hatred and terror, but it is inspired with the bugle call of courage.

Give Us This Day became a best seller in five European countries be-

fore it was published in Sid Stewart's own America.

So superb is its economy, so moving its narrative pulse that André Siegfried, the French critic, said of it, "The plain narrative of this story would by itself have been fascinating, but this book is far more than a story, it is a work of art."

Give Us This Day is published by W. W. Norton & Co., Inc., New York City (254 pp.) at \$3.50—to Book Club members, \$2.95. See announcement, inside back cover.



KID STUFF

"Don't you have any homework tonight?" a father asked his second-grader, whose dark eyes were glued to the television set.

"Oh, I get all my work done in school," little Peter replied.

"Well, let's see how well you know your catechism. I'll start with: 'Why did God make you?'"

Peter hesitated, but not for long. "God made me," he said simply, "because He likes kids."

Sister Rose Catherine, O.P.



Some time ago my mother went to see a friend about some church business. The friend was entertaining her little granddaughter, who was spending the day with her.

Sensing that the child was disappointed at the interruption of the game, my mother said, "I can stay only a minute."

She sat down, and she and her friend were talking, when suddenly my mother felt a pull on her sleeve and heard a polite little voice saying, "Haven't you stayed longer than you can?"

Mrs. E. Marschiolok.



My son, just turned four years old, after coming home from his first day at nursery school was telling me all about the exciting day he'd had.

"And in the afternoon, did you get a little snack?" I asked him.

"Oh, no, mommie," he said seriously. "I didn't even get a scolding!"

Mary Lou Hochstein.

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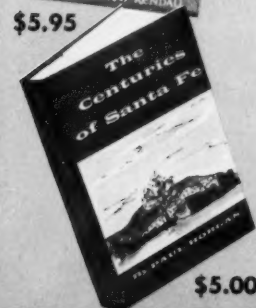
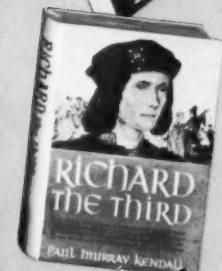
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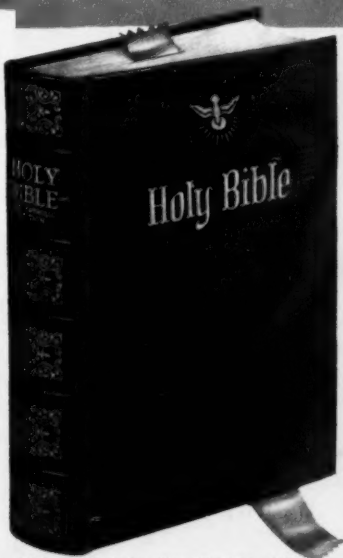
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